

April 2013

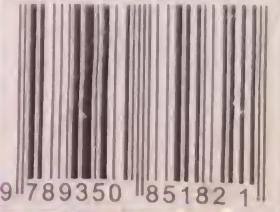
Issue 256

₹60

TINKLE DIGEST

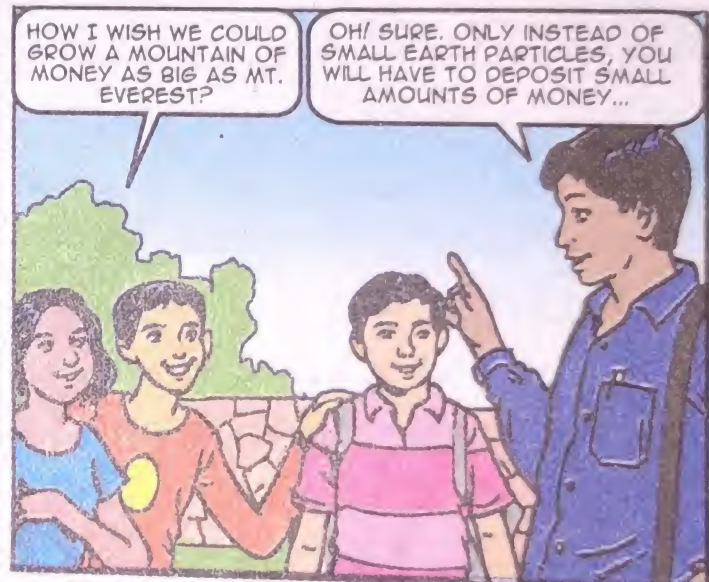
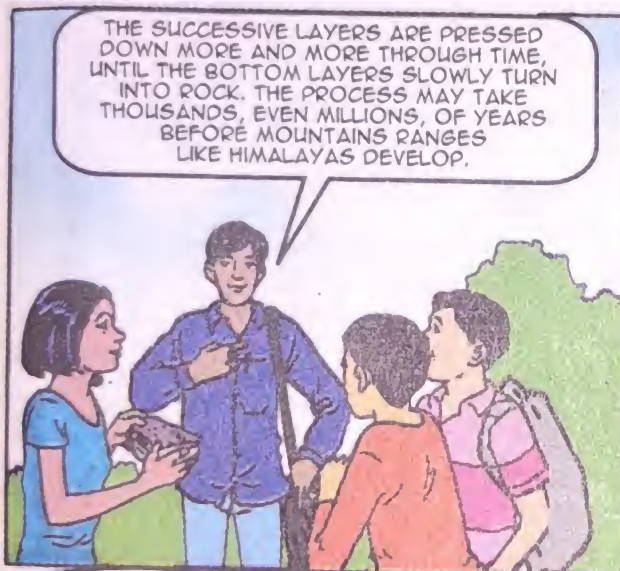
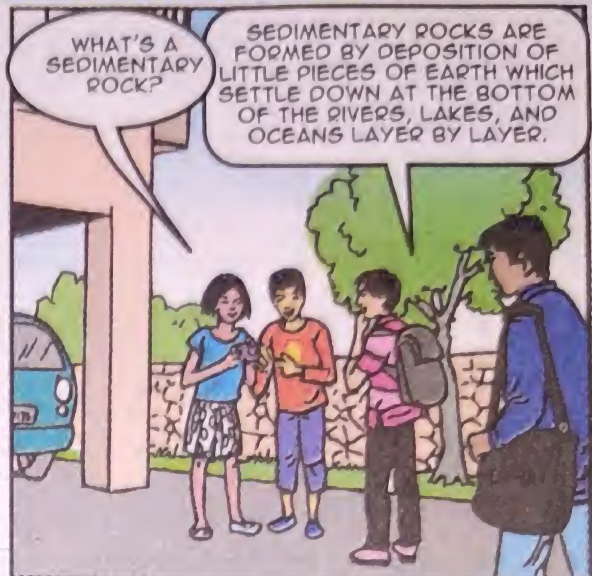


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April 2013

100 pages

TINKLE DIGEST

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JUST FOR FUN

BY: ABHIJEET KINI

WHY IS SUZIE INDOORS AND HAVING HOT COFFEE WHEN SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OUT ON A HOLIDAY? FOLD THE PAGE SO THAT A MEETS AND YOU WILL FIND THE ANSWER.



Sagar Parikram

The home stretch of Lt Cdr Abhilash Tomy's journey around the globe has suddenly acquired urgency. He's now in a race against his dwindling water supply. With approximately ten days of sailing left, and ten 1.5 lit bottles of water remaining, he's rationed his use to the minimum possible.

The boat's been scoured for all remaining liquids and the stocks include 4-5 cans of Red Bull, being saved for those nights close to coast when he will have to keep watch for fishing boats. There are five packets of buttermilk, expired but still being used since they haven't made him sick and an equal amount of coconut milk, that he hasn't yet figured out how to put to use.

Abhilash's attitude is impressive. Tracking the journey closely over the past five months, since Abhilash set sail from Mumbai on 1 November 2012, I've tended to treat the various hurdles and problems he encountered in the same matter of fact way he does. Sub-zero temperatures, cold winds, torn sails have all been greeted as par for the course. One tends to forget the enormity of the task set before him, and think of him as just a man on a boat. But as I chat with him today, trying to take stock of this Abhilash versus the one who left five months ago, I realize that the journey has changed him. Physically, the toll has been heavy. He's a size or two smaller than he was when he left (he's thrilled he's fitting well in some really old clothes), and his limbs don't have the same strength that they did before.

He has gained in emotional strength though. Which is why the reduced muscle didn't stop him climbing the mast 12 times this last month, for a couple of hours each, hanging 15 metres above the boat's deck to remove a torn Genoa (a sail used in low winds; crucial close to the coast) and install a new one. It took several days to recover from the final push, when he climbed the mast three times successively the same night.

On his return, the person he is looking forward to interacting with is his mom, who he is very close to. On shore he used to talk to her daily. Once he left, the interaction has been limited to email updates that he sends to his father, and the one time he spoke to them on their wedding anniversary.

Until then though, there is still some way to go and the hot weather has made him sluggish and tired. The sea too has been placid, and progress is slow. Luckily though, he recently found three packets of popcorn, his favourite snack, which he thought was over. "I had one on Mauritius Day, one the day I managed to change the Genoa, and I'm saving the third for when I cross the Equator, which will be in a day or two." Why Mauritius Day? "Any excuse is a good excuse," he says laughing.

Meanwhile, he's had a couple of visitors to distract him, the first since the albatrosses abandoned him when he entered warm waters. There's been a whale, some night birds and a whole bunch of flying fishes. A Dornier aircraft flew overhead to say hello, the Mauritius Coast Guard came out to take photographs, and he had an entertaining conversation with the Mol Distinction, a Chinese merchant vessel, which was very confused that his port of departure and port of call were both Mumbai.

However, there's one sort of visitor he's hoping to not have. "I'm sailing through piracy-plagued water right now and hoping to avoid trouble. Maybe they'll see me and think I'm a pirate too! I've been wearing a sarong, I'm sunburnt to crisp, and my hair is a terror." The last is his own doing. Ten days ago he tried trimming his hair but the trimmer's battery died out half way through. "The front is cut close and the back is overgrown. Maybe I'll inspire a new fashion when I get back," he says. Perhaps there are some parts of getting back he's looking forward to after all, like getting a proper haircut.



Tinkle and National Geographic Traveller India are the official magazine partners for Sagar Parikrama II. We will cover Lt Cdr Abhilash Tomy's journey in the magazines, and on our websites and Facebook pages. We will be getting exclusive real-time updates, regular posts and photographs via satellite phone from Lt Cdr Tomy. For more on the voyage, visit natgeotraveller.in and www.facebook.com/www.mhadei.co.in

ASK SUPPANDI!



WHY IS THE SKY BLUE?
- HARSH ADVANI
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

WELL, THE SKY HAS TO HAVE SOME COLOUR. IF NOT BLUE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN GREEN OR YELLOW OR EVEN PURPLE. PERSONALLY, I FEEL BLUE IS THE BEST COLOUR FOR THE SKY!



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE SUN STARTS SETTING THE EAST AND RISING IN THE WEST?
- SURYAKANT DUBEY, BY SNAIL MAIL



HMM... THAT'S A TOUGH ONE! IF THE SUN RISES IN THE WEST AND SETS IN THE EAST, I THINK NIGHT WOULD COME FIRST AND THE DAY AFTERWARDS INSTEAD OF NIGHT FOLLOWING DAY AS IT DOES NOW. THIS MEANS FIRST WE WOULD SLEEP AND THEN GET UP TO DO OUR WORK. SOUNDS LIKE A BETTER ARRANGEMENT THAN WHAT WE HAVE NOW, DOESN'T IT? I WISH THIS HAPPENED SOME DAY!

MOSQUITOES ARE A MENACE. THEY CREATE HAVOC THROUGHOUT THE WORLD BY SPREADING DISEASE. WHY CAN'T SCIENTISTS FIND A WAY TO DESTROY THIS TINY ENEMY OF MANKIND?

- I.B. MACCHAR
MOSS KITO ROAD, MUMBAI



IT IS PRECISELY BECAUSE THEY'RE TINY THAT MOSQUITOES ARE SO SUCCESSFUL IN CONTINUING TO EXIST ON EARTH, DESPITE OUR PERIODIC ALL-OUT WARS AGAINST THEM. IF THEY WERE AS BIG AS ELEPHANTS THEY WOULD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED LONG AGO.

IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW THAT THERE ARE ONLY ABOUT 60,000 ASIAN ELEPHANTS LEFT IN THE WHOLE OF ASIA. AT THIS RATE IF OUR CHILDREN'S CHILDREN WANT TO KEEP AN ELEPHANT AS A PET THEY WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO LAY THEIR HANDS ON ONE FOR ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD! ALARMING, ISN'T IT? I'VE WRITTEN TO THE MOSQUITO RESEARCH INSTITUTE SUGGESTING WAYS OF INCREASING THE SIZE OF MOSQUITOES. (FOR EXAMPLE, SOME HEALTH FOOD MANUFACTURERS CLAIM THAT IF CHILDREN DRINK THEIR BEVERAGE REGULARLY THE HEIGHT OF THE CHILDREN INCREASES THREE-FOLD. WHY CAN'T MOSQUITO BREEDING GROUNDS BE SPRAYED WITH THIS BEVERAGE?) I'M WAITING FOR A REPLY FROM THE INSTITUTE.

The Wind-Up Club

Story
Shriya Ghatge

Pencil & Inks
Diego Jourdan Pereira

Colours
Umesh Sarode
Akshay Khadilkar

Letters
Prasad Sawar

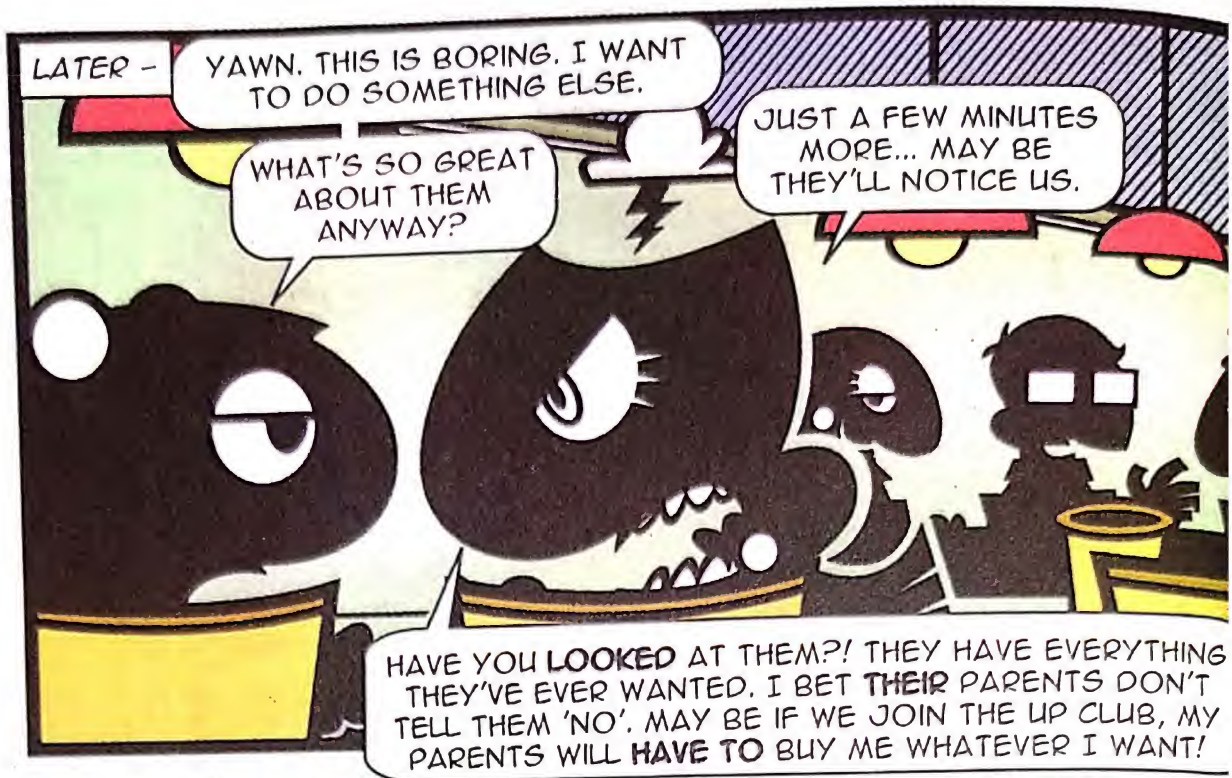
ROYA LOVED TO SURROUND HERSELF
WITH THINGS, ESPECIALLY, NEW THINGS.

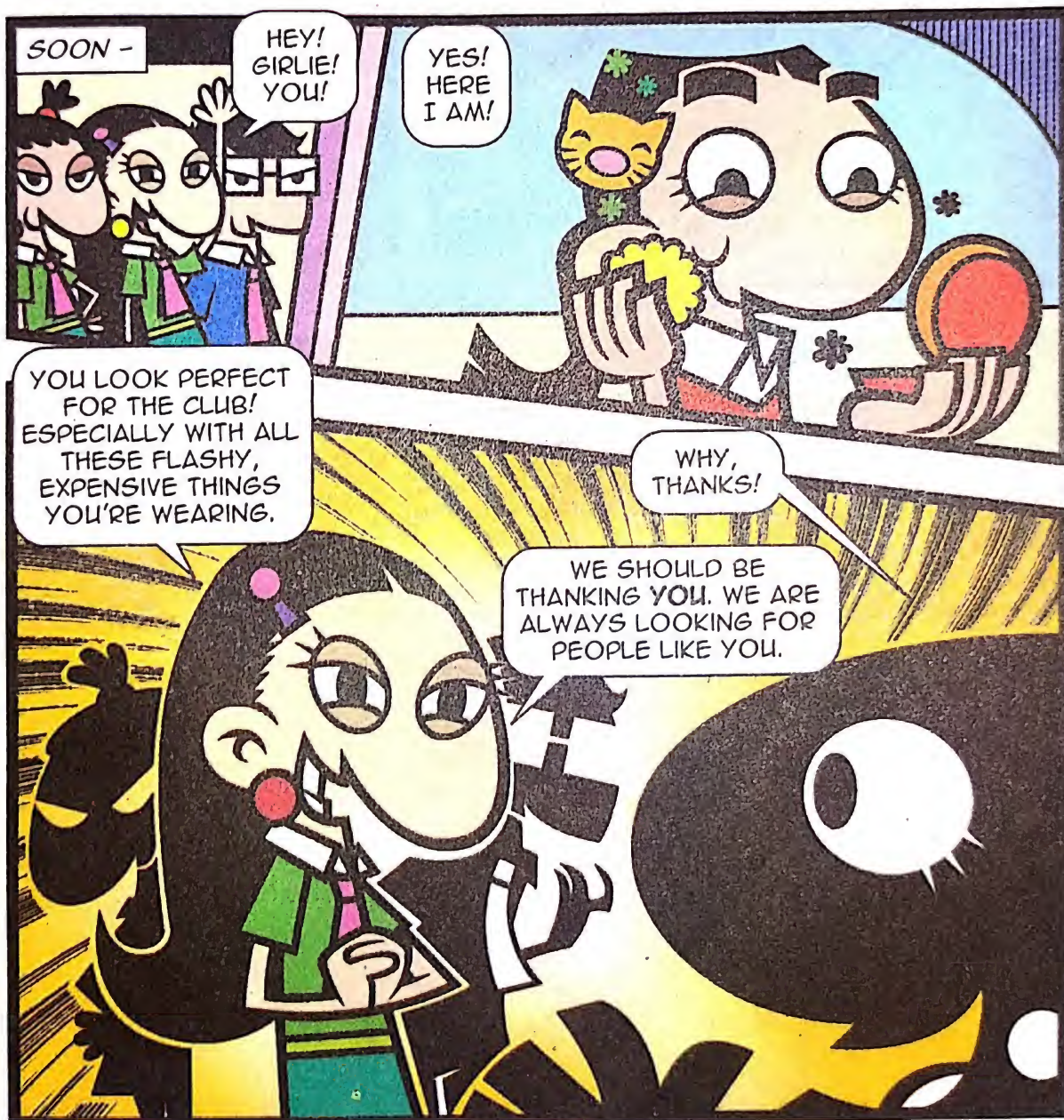
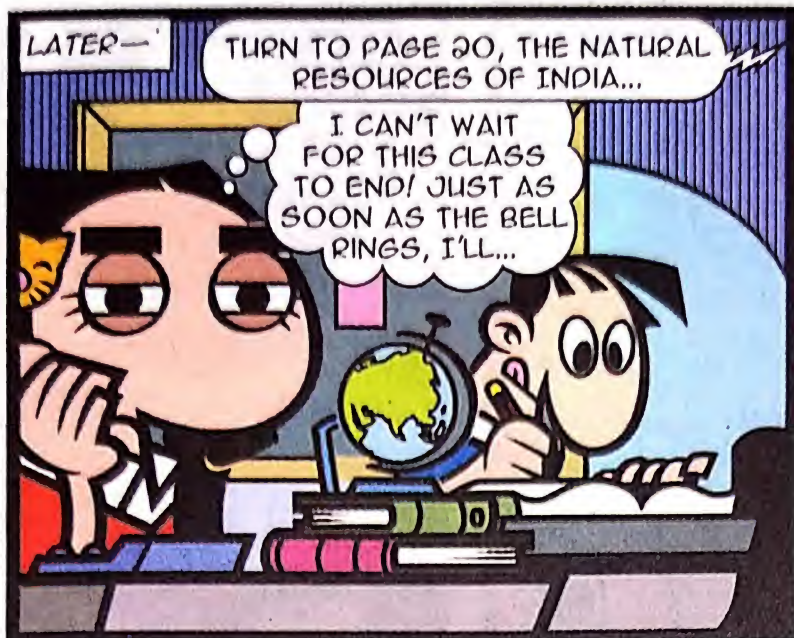
IF SHE SAW SOMEONE
WEARING THE LATEST
ACCESSORY, SHE
HAD TO HAVE IT TOO.



IF THE KIDS AT SCHOOL WERE TALKING
ABOUT THE LATEST CEREAL THAT THEY
SAW ON TV, ROYA HAD TO HAVE IT TOO.







SOON -

WHAT IS THIS PLACE? I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE!

THIS PLACE IS TOP SECRET, OPEN ONLY TO THE MEMBERS OF THE WIND-UP CLUB.

UH... HE MEANS UP CLUB! DON'T WORRY. IT'S VERY SAFE.

WELCOME ROYA!

UH... HI!

WE ARE THE MEMBERS OF THE WIND-UP CLUB. HERE, YOU GET TO DRESS LIKE US. TALK LIKE US. BE LIKE US.

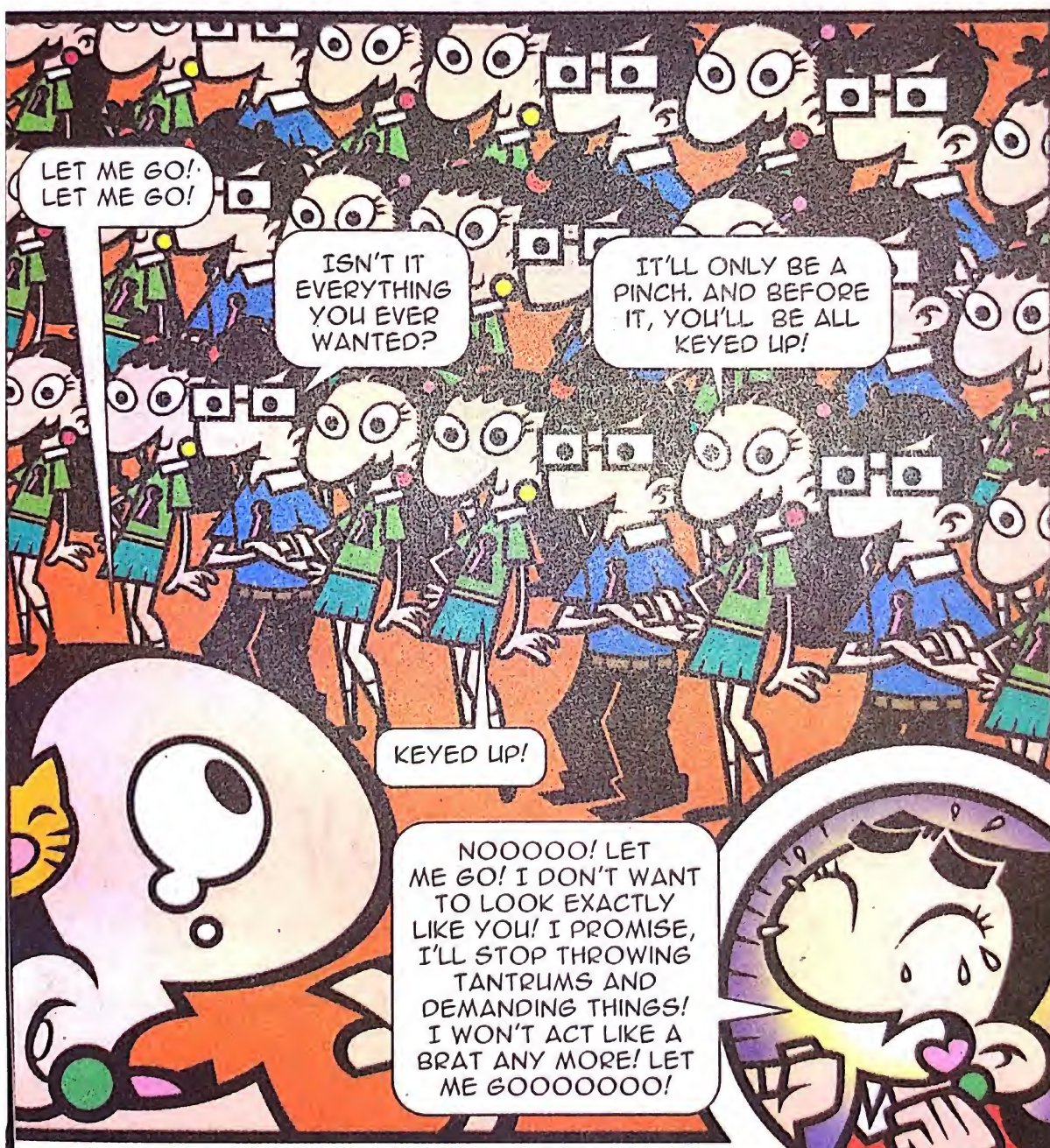
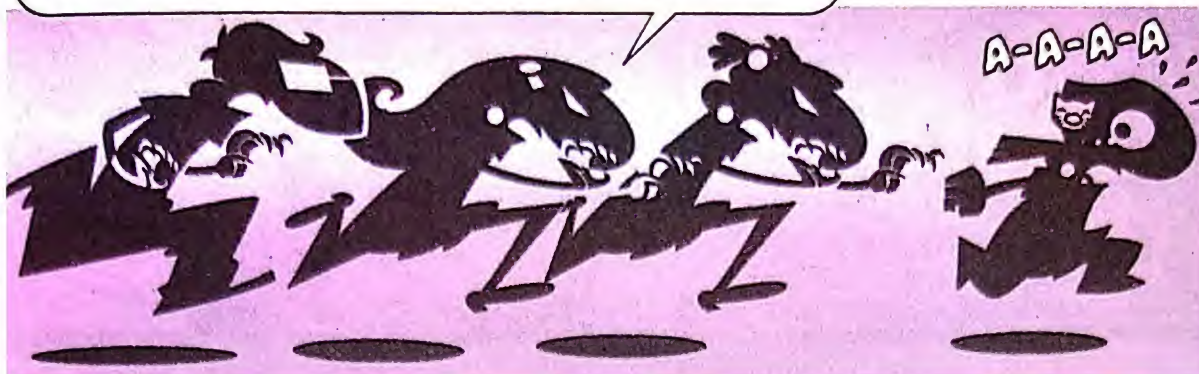
SOMETHING IS SERIOUSLY WRONG HERE. WHY DO YOU ALL SOUND THE SAME?

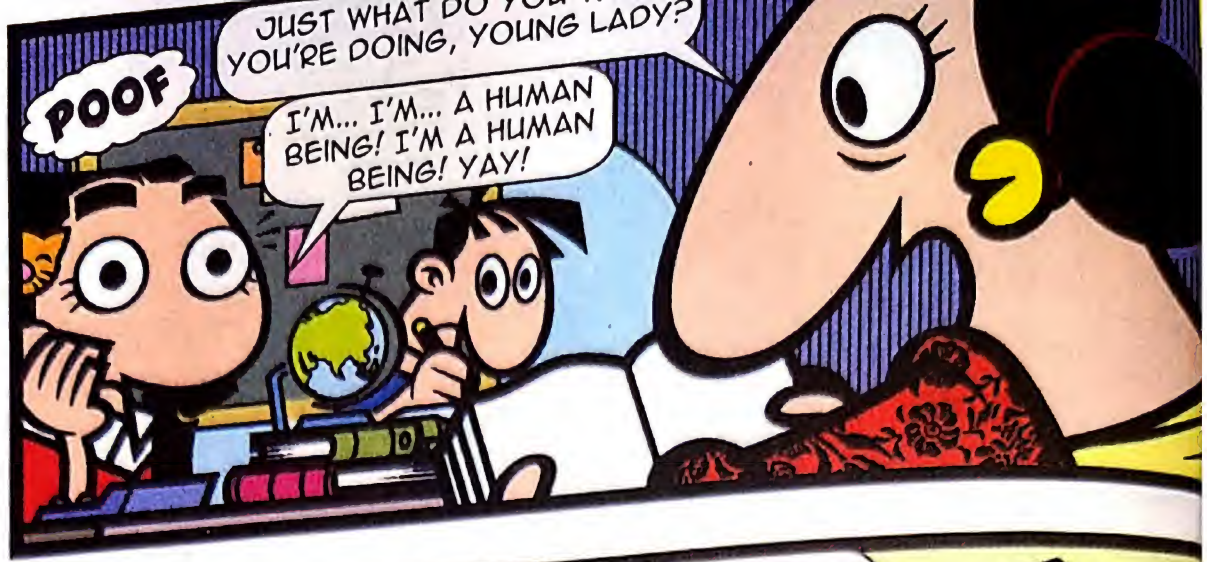
DON'T BE SCARED. IT'S SIMPLE, REALLY. WE ALL SOUND THE SAME, BECAUSE WE ARE THE SAME.

T..T... TOYS?!

WE WERE ALL BRATS. WE ALL WANTED THE SAME EXPENSIVE THINGS, JUST LIKE YOU. AND SO OUR WISH WAS GRANTED. WE BECAME WIND-UP TOYS.

TICK-TOCK GIRLS AND BOYS, WE ARE THE WIND-UP TOYS. WITH PERFECT HAIR AND PERFECT SMILES, EXPENSIVE CLOTHES, STYLE AND POISE, WE ARE THE WIND-UP TOYS. WHO COULD EVER SAY NO TO US?





GAME time with SEA



Hello,
Before I start, I must thank all of you for the amazing e-mails you have been sending over the past few months. I'm taking all your feedback, suggestions and even the praise quite seriously. Now let us begin this month's feature—swimming.

When I was about six years old, my dad took me to a local pool and proceeded to throw me into it. Although, in all fairness, he did dive in after. I was scared, I flapped my hands vigorously and hoped that somehow I'd stay afloat. The next day my dad took me back to the pool, only this time, I didn't wait for my dad to push me. I jumped in first. Instantaneously, I was hooked. I loved swimming and this translated into my love of the sport as well.

The first swimming competition was held in 1837, but it was only at the Summer Olympics in 1896, that the 100 metre and 1,500 metre freestyle swimming competitions were introduced. One of the biggest changes to the sport of swimming was the acceptance of women in 1912. This was possible because of the creation of the International Olympic Committee.

The most interesting fact about swimming to me was how the front crawl* came to be. It all started with a competition in 1844 in London. While the British raced using breaststroke, some Native Americans that were participating in the competition, swam a variant of the front crawl that exist today, a technique that was not known to the British. As the front crawl is a much faster style than the breaststroke, the Americans won against their British competition.



*Front Crawl: A swimming stroke, largely regarded as the fastest of the four primary strokes—front crawl, back stroke, butterfly stroke and breast stroke

Swimming Legends

Kristin Otto

This German swimmer appeared in only one Olympic Games during her entire career. However, she didn't need more than one to prove how great she truly was. During the 1988 Seoul Olympic Games, she became the first woman to win six gold medals at a single Olympics.



Mark Andrew Spitz

He won seven gold medals at the Munich Olympic Games in 1972—an achievement that would have remained intact if it wasn't for a certain Micheal Phelps. However, Spitz's accomplishment of setting a new world record in all seven events (including the 200 metre butterfly, 100 metre butterfly and the 100 metre butterfly) still stands today.

Michael Phelps

Michael Phelps is not only the greatest swimmer ever to grace the sport but also the most decorated Olympian of all time. He has won more Olympic medals than any other sportsperson, with 22 medals in total (18 gold, 2 silver, 2 bronze).



Upcoming Events

The World Aquatics Championships, which are essentially the World Cup of aquatic events, will take place from 19 July to 4 August 2013.

Even if you don't catch the Championships, I do hope this feature makes you long for a dip in the pool. Swimming is great exercise, and tonnes of fun, but most importantly its one sport which will guarantee that you don't break a sweat.

Stay In Touch

Did you like this feature? Did it make the right splash? Do let me know what you thought of it. Also, let me know if there is any other sport you'd like me to cover. You can send me an email at sean.dmello@ack-media.com or post me a letter at Sean D'mello, Tinkle Comics, 3rd floor, Krishna House, Raghuvanshi Mills Compound, Lower Parel - 400013, Mumbai.



The Six Spellmakers of Dorabji Street

Sometimes a truly enchanting book arrives on my desk. I usually read it in one sitting, with a smile plastered to my face, from page one, right through to the end. *The Six Spellmakers of Dorabji Street* is one such book.

Being among the millions who have recently moved to Mumbai, this book really spoke to me. It is not only a book about adventure and fantasy and overcoming evil, but also about getting used to a city, settling down and accepting it as home. Of course, if only I had been lucky enough to have a magic spell to shoo away the everyday 'dragons' and 'crones' that cross my path.

Shabnam Minwalla's wonderful book revolves around Nivi Mallick and her little brother, who have just moved into Cosy Castle on Dorabji Street in South Mumbai—an old, quaint but charming house. They join a merry band of friends and neighbours, who must get together to fight for their right to play cricket for hours in the driveway, or spend endless afternoons chatting on the bimbli trees in the compound. And above all, they must vanquish the combined efforts of the 'dragon' and the 'crone', two elderly ladies who are out to make their lives a boring, dull hell.

The Six Spellmakers of Dorabji Street is a magical, absorbing book, filled with fun and fantasy. I highly recommend it, along with three and a half Shambu hats.

—Neel



The Six Spellmakers of Dorabji Street available
in stores now for ₹250 from Hachette India
Children's Books

Shabnam Minwalla is a mother of three. In the little off time that this brain-scrambling job permits, she writes articles and book reviews for magazines and newspapers. Shabnam used to be a Senior Assistant Editor with the Times of India and has also written a book on her alma mater, St Xavier's College in Mumbai.



How did you start writing for children?

I have been a journalist for many years. I was with the Times of India, where for 10 years I wrote features and covered areas like education, health and legal issues. Then in 2003 my older daughter Aaliya was born, and two years later I had twins named Nisha and Naima. We don't have a TV in our house, so during every meal time I would read to my daughters—lots and lots of fabulous books. Clarice Bean, Eloise, the Sophie series. So I think that perhaps that is why, when I sat down to write a book, what popped out was a book for children.

You aren't just a writer, are you? What else do you do? Tell us a little about it.

More than anything else, I am a mother of three girls. So I do what most mummies do—insist that the the children eat their vegetables, make sure they do their homework, stop them from pinching and poking one another during a fight. I also help out in their school library, and therefore spend a lot of time with children's books. Most of my writing is still journalistic. It could be restaurant reviews, interviews, anything.

Do you know the Spellmakers in real life? How much of it is inspired by people you know?

The Six Spellmakers are loosely based on friends and neighbours of my growing up years. Especially the three younger boys—Rehaan, Nikhil and Vijay—are a lot like my brother and his building friends. They spent all day playing cricket and breaking windows. When they couldn't play cricket for some reason, they would watch it on TV. We really did have two beautiful bimbli trees in our garden, and my friend and I used to spend hours and hours amongst its lovely branches. Years later, when I was a student in the US, those trees were cut down. I still don't know why that happened, but I felt dreadful.

And the 'dragon' and 'crone'? Neighbours?

Well, the dragon was inspired by my daughter's dance teacher. One day, during Open Day, this lady called all the mothers and really scolded us because she wasn't happy with her students' progress. While she was barking at us in her perfect accent, a thought suddenly popped into my head: 'This woman would be a perfect character in my book.' And so Mrs Braganza was born.

I decided that Mrs Braganza should live on the ground floor of my fictional building. Then slowly, one by one, I started imagining the people living in the other flats of Cosy Castle.

Mrs Kotadia, the crone, is just a figment of my imagination. Thank God I've never met anyone as nasty as she is in the book.

Are you secretly a Spellmaker?

I love making magic with words, and writing enchanting stories. But no, sadly I don't know any 'bibbity bobbity boo' spells.

What does a reader do in order to become a Spellmaker?

Nivi, Sarita and Venu are ordinary children. They only become Spellmakers because they want something really, really badly. I believe that if you want something very badly, and if you are willing to hold onto it and work very hard for it, the world bends to help you, and as a result you become a Spellmaker.

A message to our readers?

Two things:

- 1) If you feel you are fighting for something good and right, never give up.
- 2) Keep reading!



Taking Risks

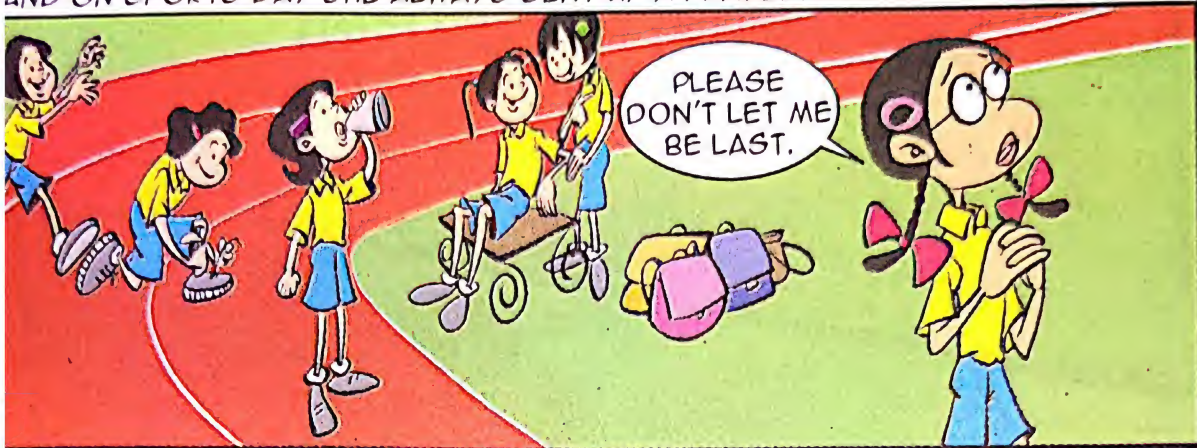
Story
Shabnam Minwalla

Pencil & Inks
Archana Amberkar

Colours
Umesh Sarode &
Akshay Khadilkar

Letters
Prasad Sawant

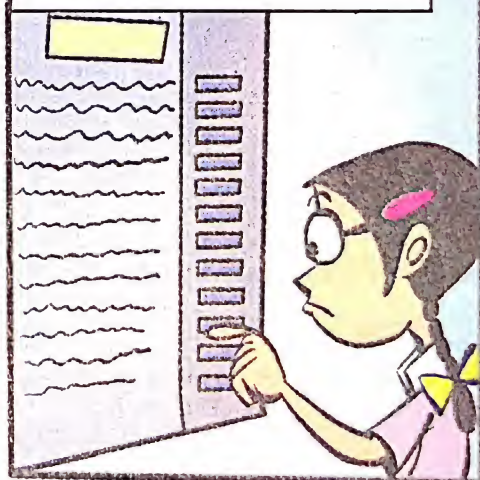
RIANA WAS NOT GOOD AT SPORTS. SHE NEVER MADE THE FOOTBALL TEAM, AND ON SPORTS DAY SHE ALWAYS SENT UP A PRAYER.



SHE WAS SHY ON STAGE.



AND WHILE SHE MANAGED SCHOOLWORK WELL, SHE WAS NEVER AT THE TOP OF HER CLASS.



BUT THE ONE THING RIANA WAS GREAT AT, WAS PAINTING...





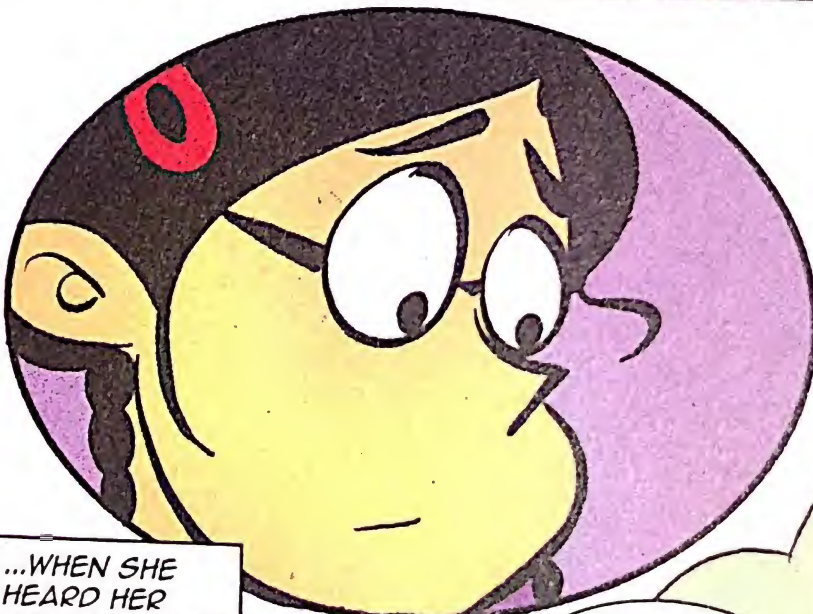
IT WAS JUST 15 MINUTES BEFORE THE END OF THE COMPETITION WHEN DISASTER STRUCK.

YOUR ELBOW BANGED AGAINST ME. MY WORK IS SMUDGED. YOU DID IT ON PURPOSE. MODERN SCHOOL DUMBO.

NOOOOOOOO!!

BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE CITYSCAPE HAD BLURRED AND DISTORTED, AND THERE CERTAINLY WASN'T TIME TO START ON A NEW ONE.

SHE WAS ABOUT TO RUN SOBBING TO MRS KHANNA, WHO WAS WAITING OUTSIDE THE HALL...



...WHEN SHE HEARD HER ART TEACHER'S VOICE IN HER HEAD...



TAKE RISKS.
LOOK BEYOND
THE OBVIOUS.



OF COURSE!

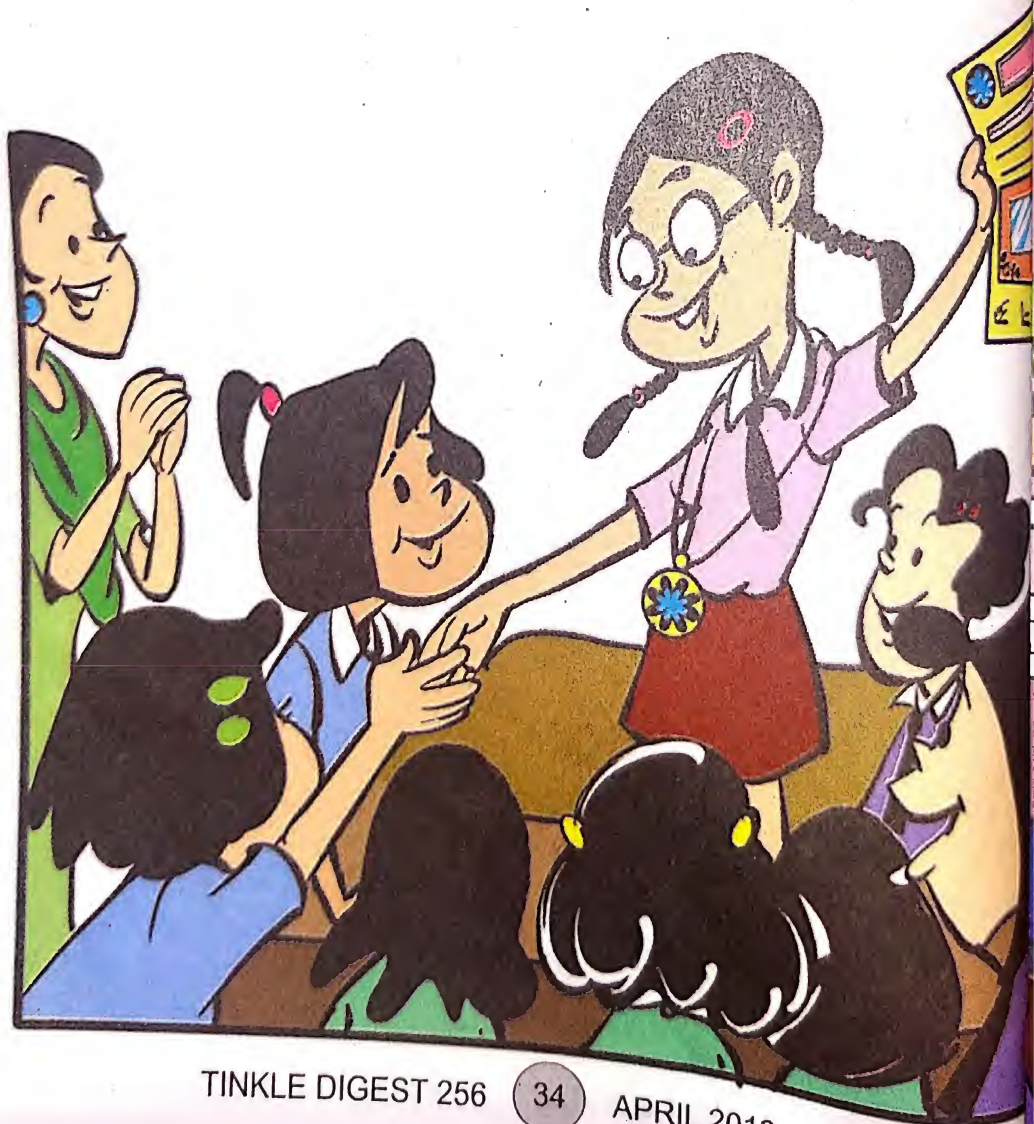
RIANA MIXED A WATERY, DULL GREY AND USED IT TO SWIRL CLOUDS ABOVE THE BUILDINGS. SHE THEN SPLASHED TINY DROPS OF GREY OVER THE ENTIRE PICTURE. THE MISTY, STORMY CITYSCAPE IN FRONT OF HER CAPTURED MUMBAI MUCH MORE EFFECTIVELY THAN HER ORIGINAL CREATION. SUDDENLY SHE UNDERSTOOD THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PAINTING AND ART.



LATER—

THANK YOU, I'M
GOING TO WIN THE
COMPETITION
BECAUSE OF YOU.

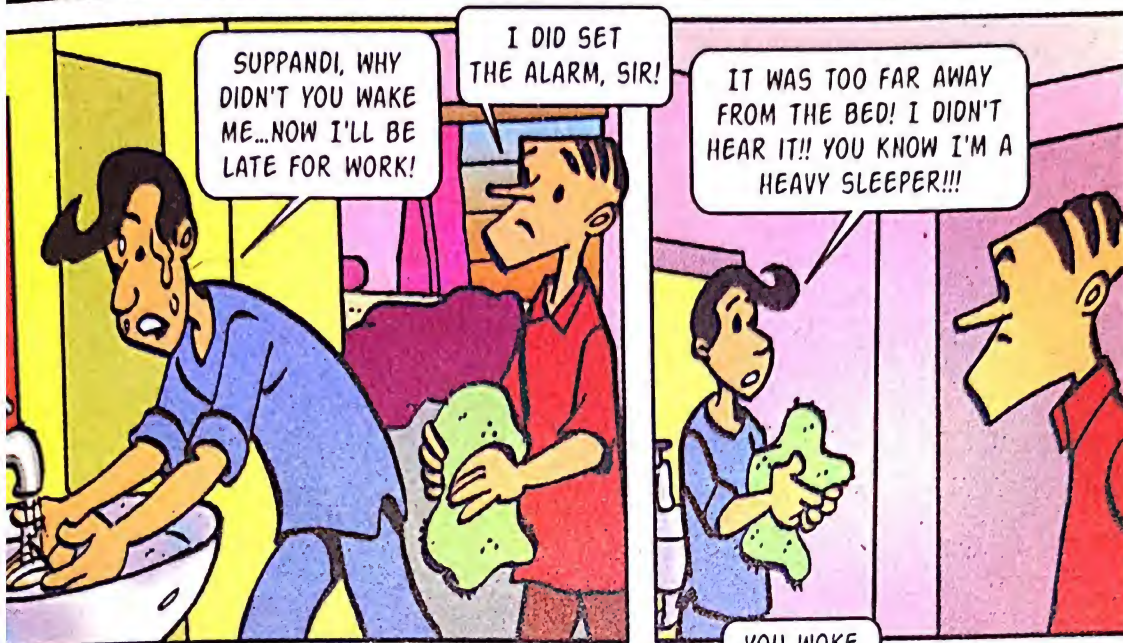
WHICH, AS IT TURNED OUT A FORTNIGHT LATER, SHE DID.



WAKE UP CALL

ART:
ARCHANA AMBERKAR

COLOUR:
SHAILEE



cavemen capers

Story
Anisha H. Karthick

Art
Abhijeet Kini

Letters
Prasad Sawant

IT WAS THE STONE AGE. DEEP IN THE DENSE JUNGLES, THE PRIMITIVE HUMANS LED THEIR BUSY LIVES OF EATING, HUNTING AND SLEEPING.



HOWEVER, CAVEMAN GRUNK WAS DOING SOMETHING... ERR... DIFFERENT.

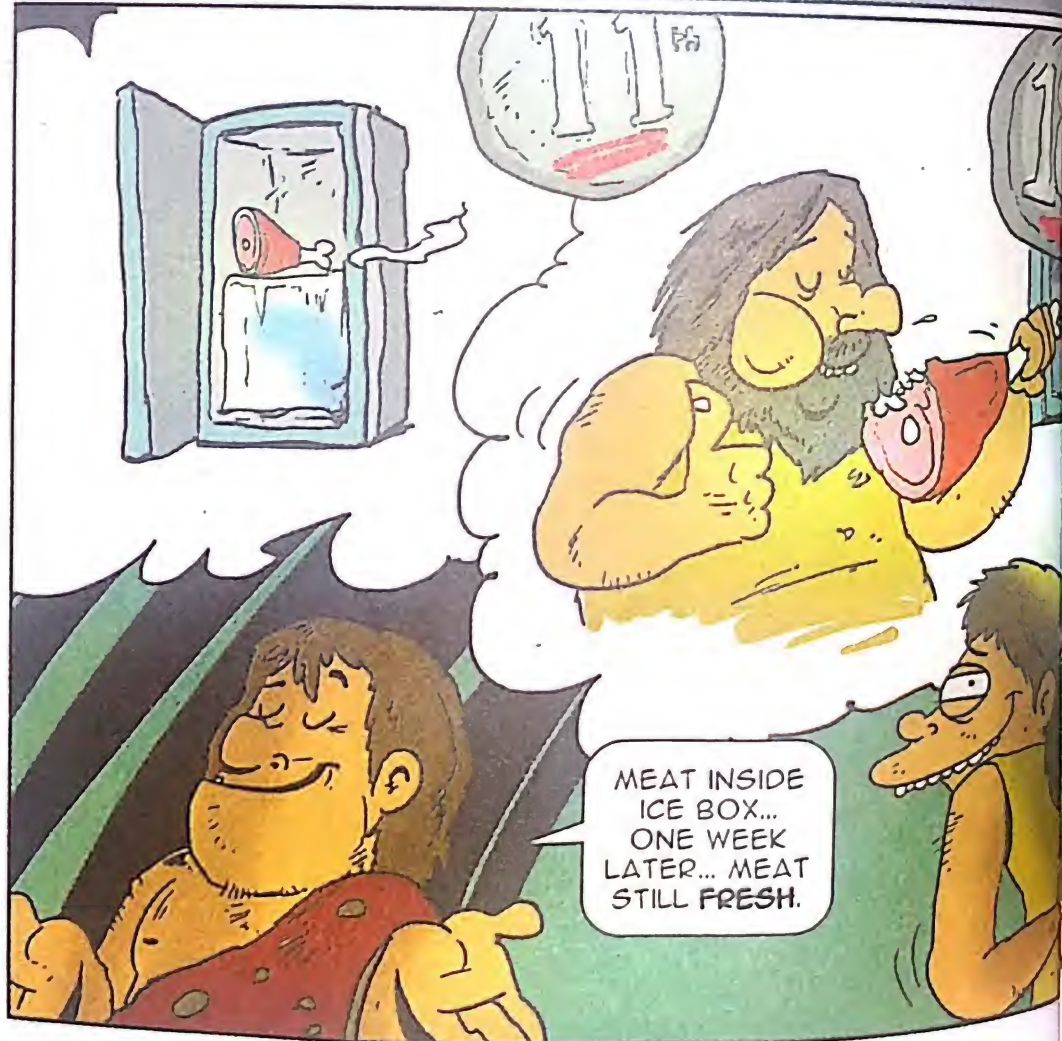


GRUNK...
RESEARCH.



DUH!



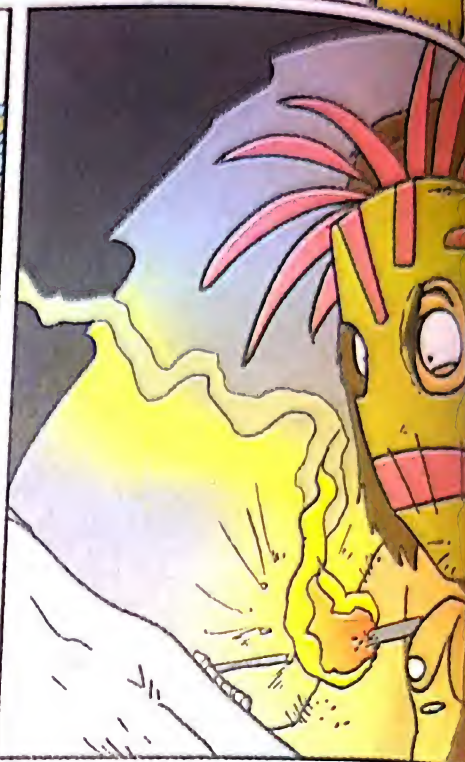






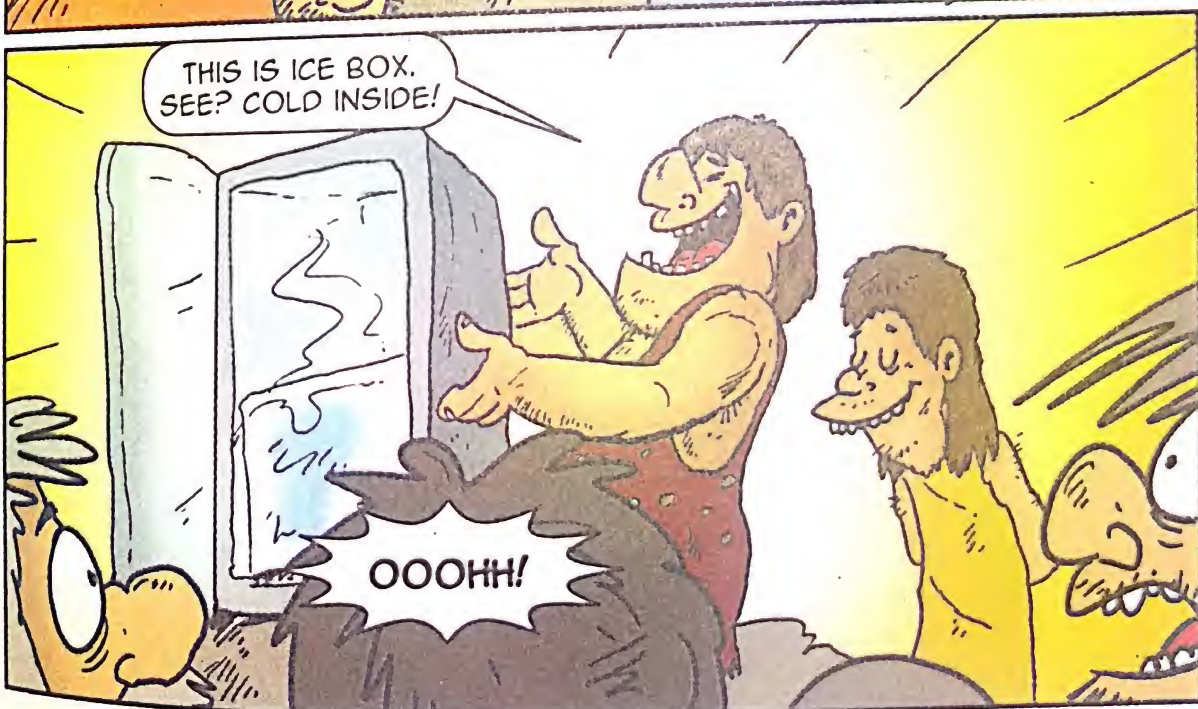
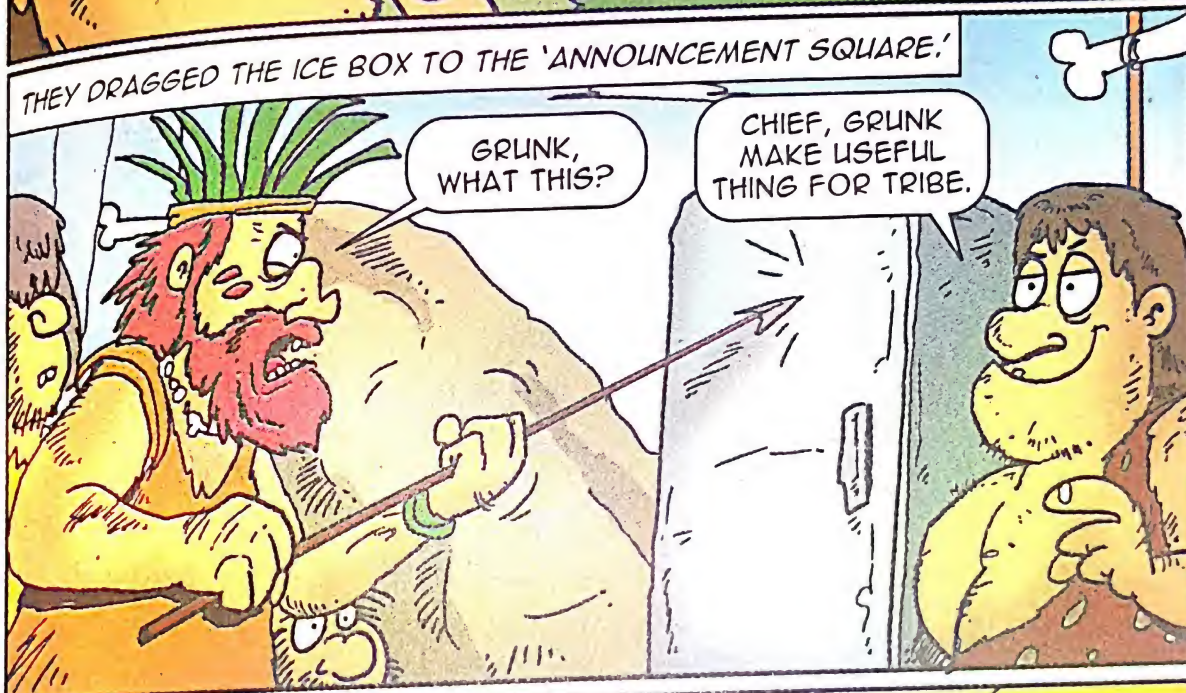
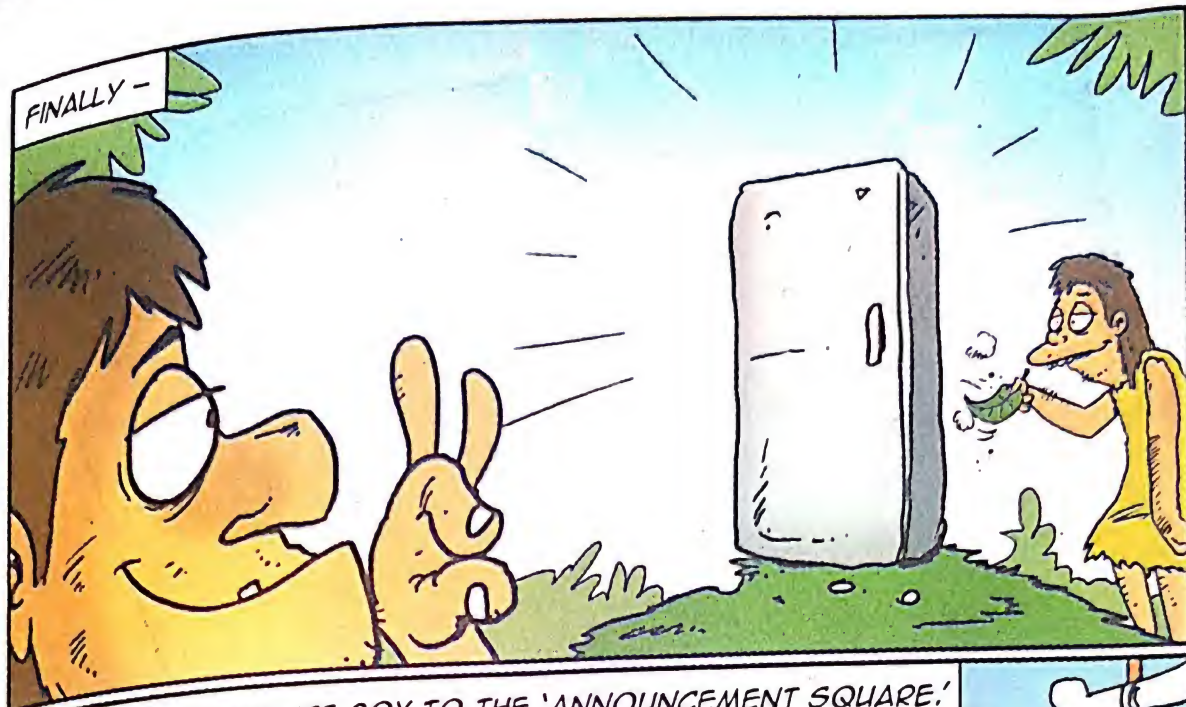


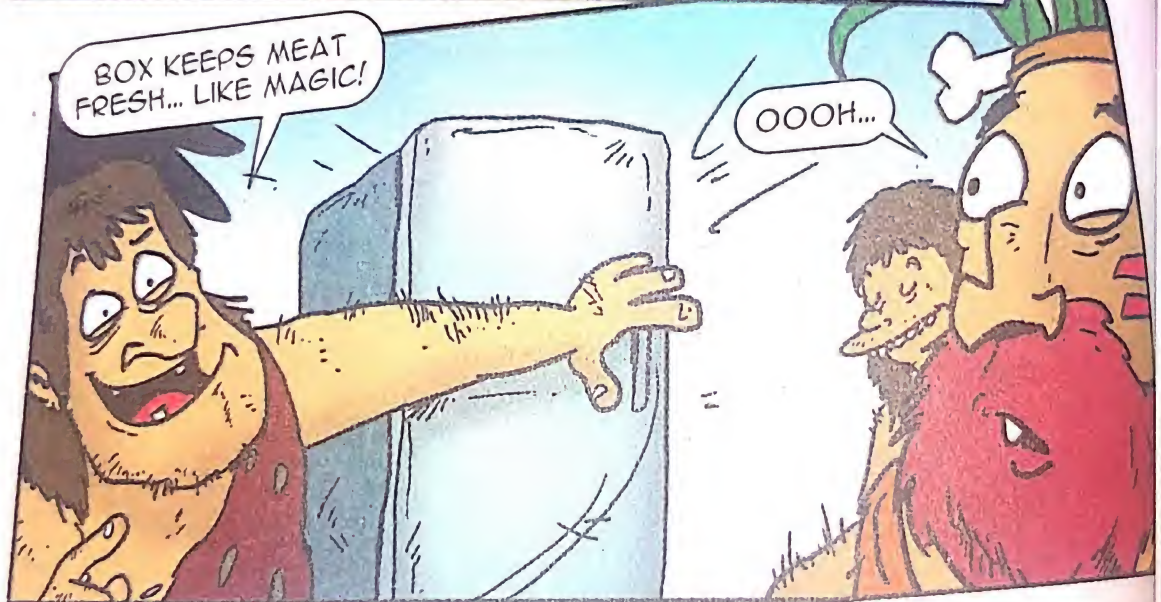
FOR SEVERAL DAYS, GRUNK WORKED SERIOUSLY ON THE BOX.

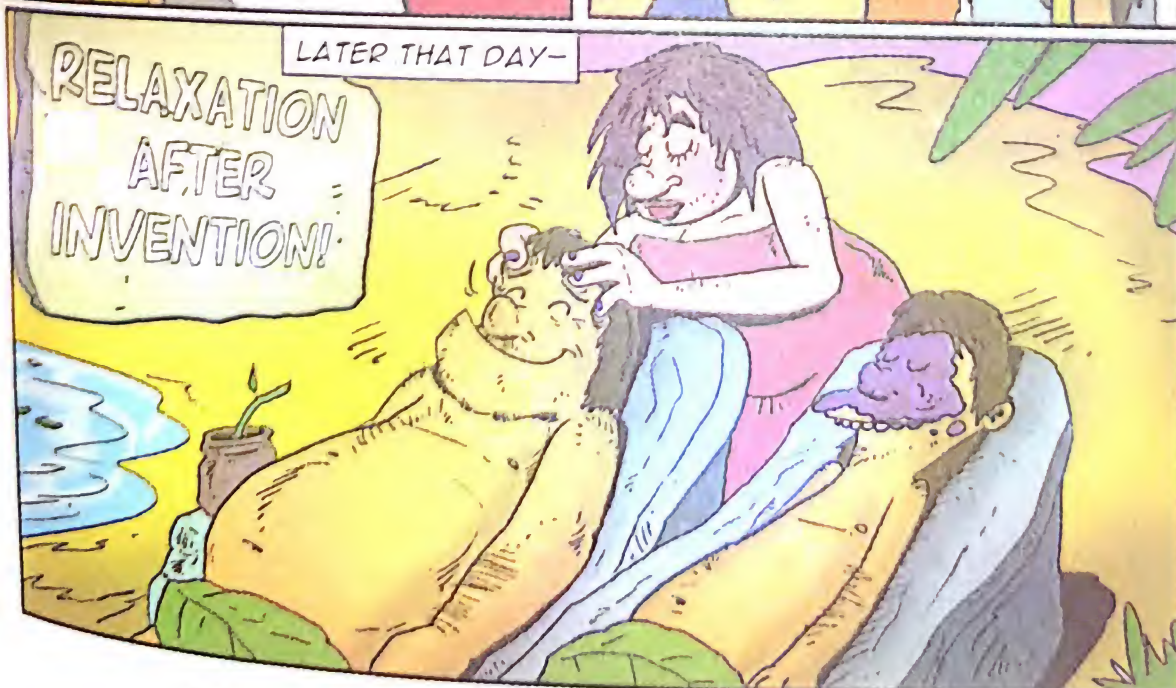


MEANWHILE, DUH WENT NORTH TO FETCH THE ICE.

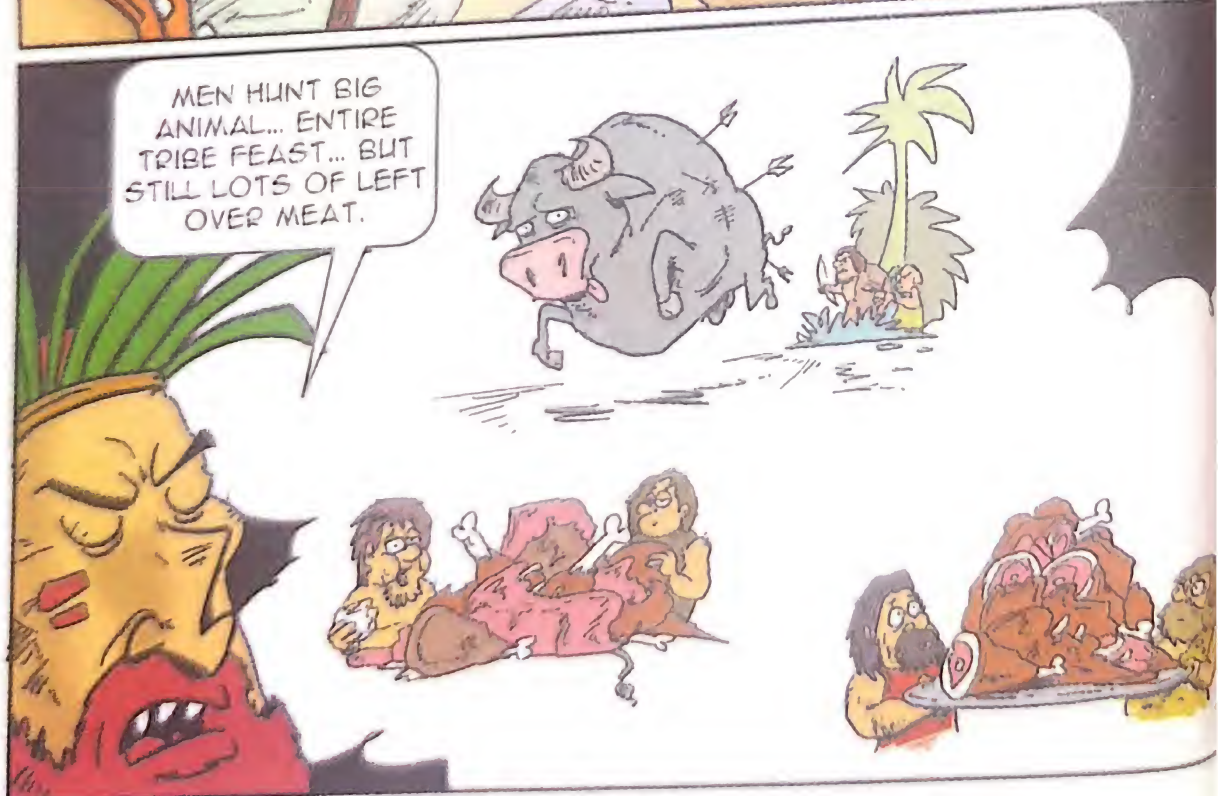
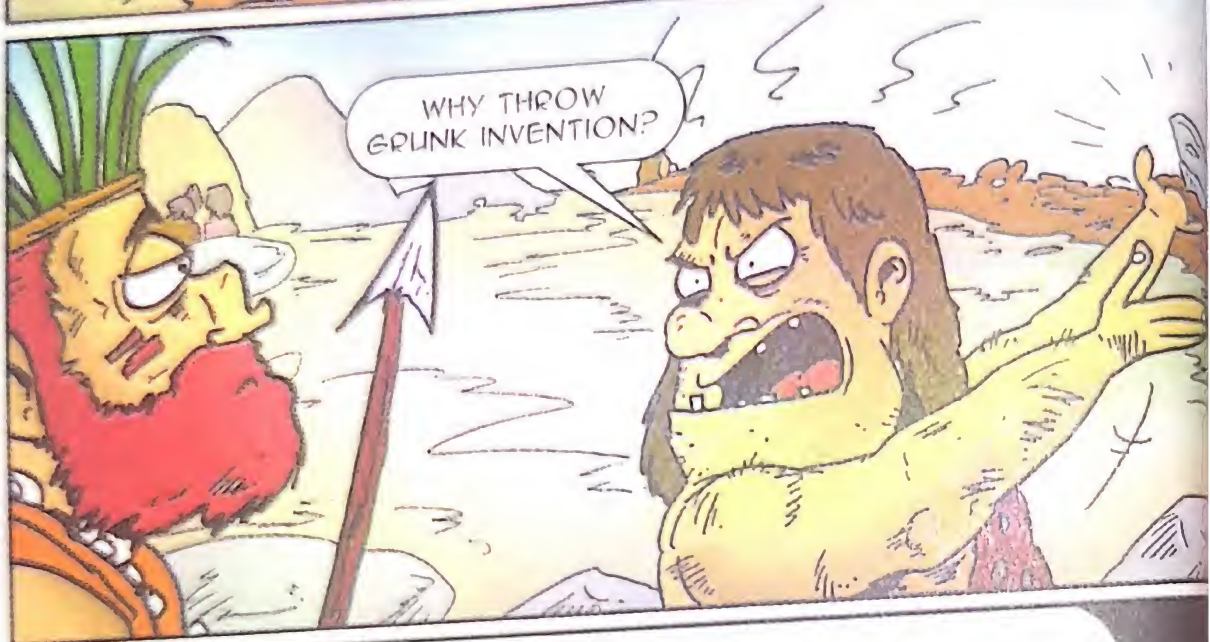
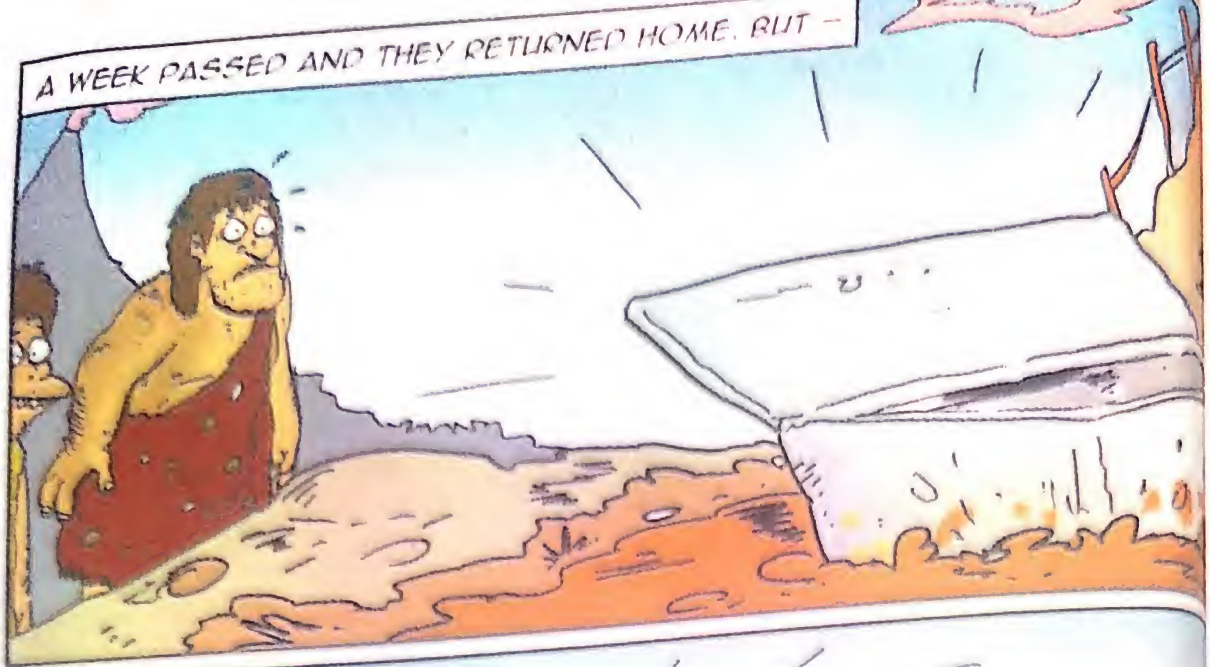


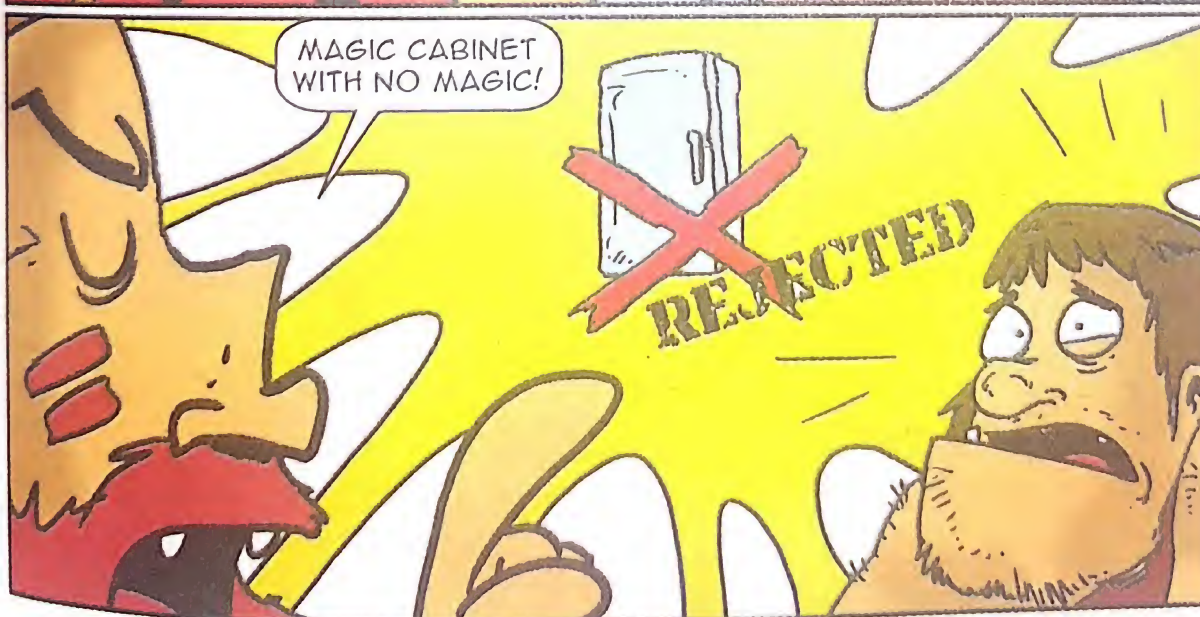
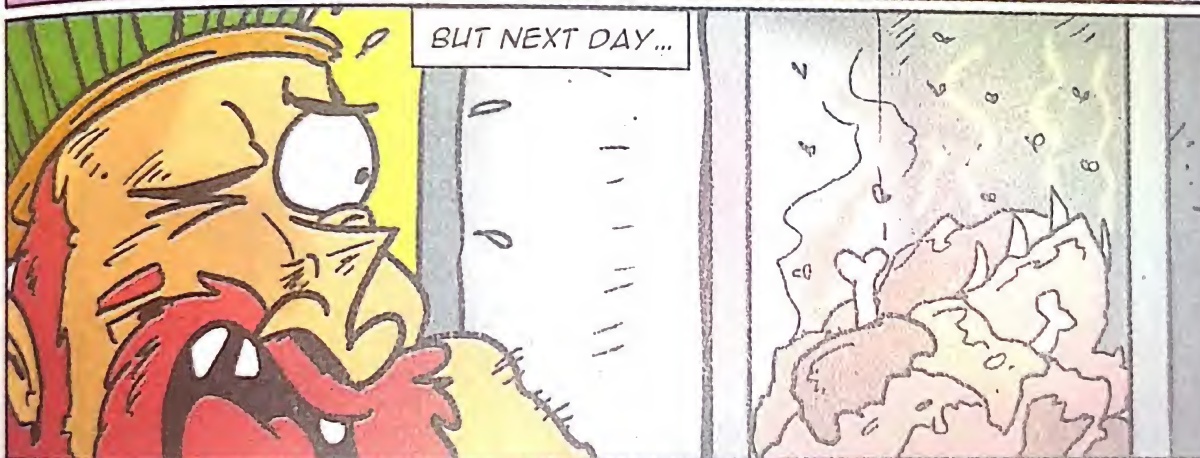






A WEEK PASSED AND THEY RETURNED HOME. BUT -





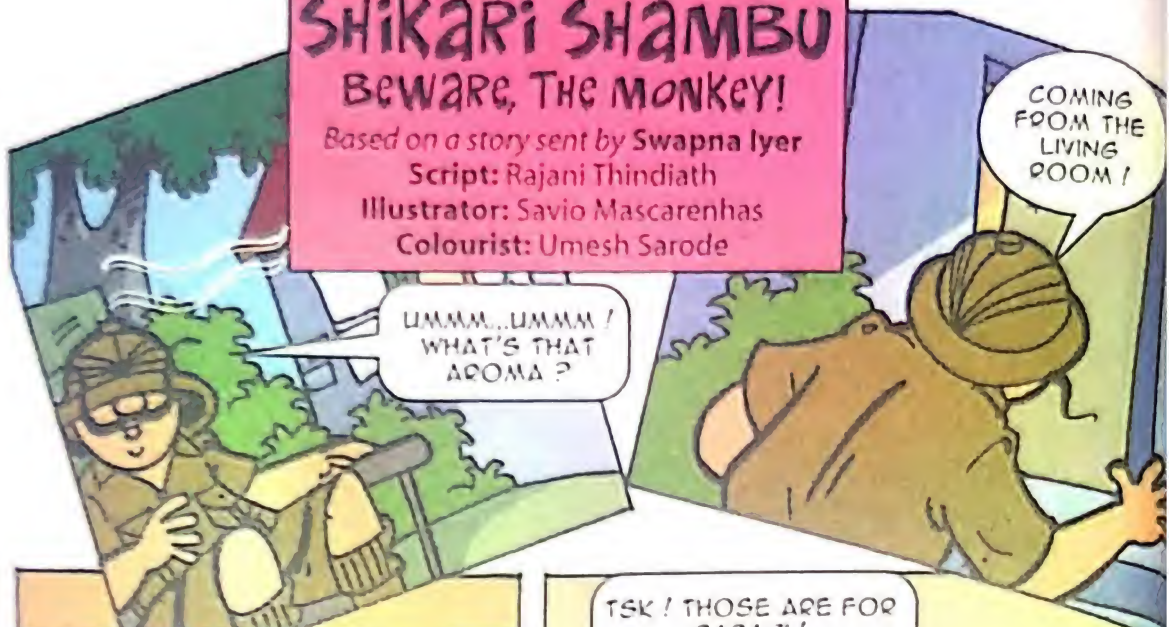
SHIKARI SHAMBU BEWARE, THE MONKEY!

Based on a story sent by Swapna Iyer

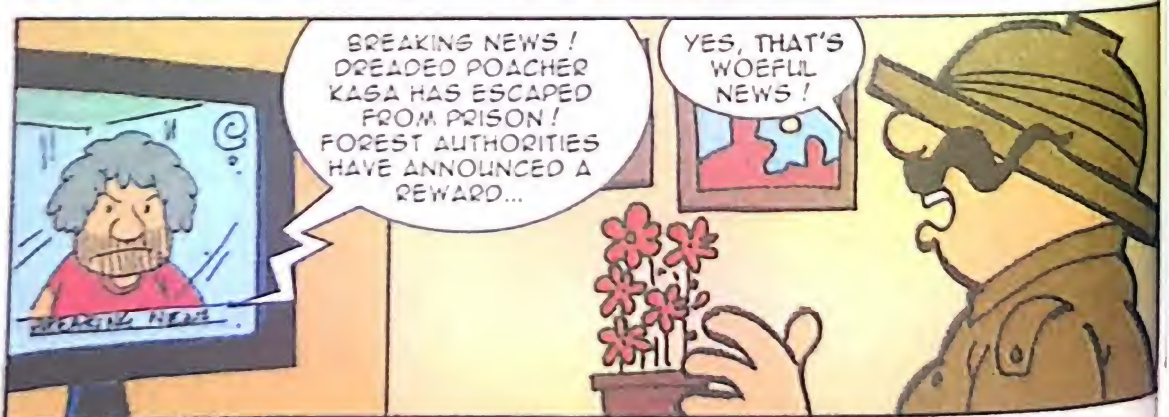
Script: Rajani Thindiath

Illustrator: Savio Mascarenhas

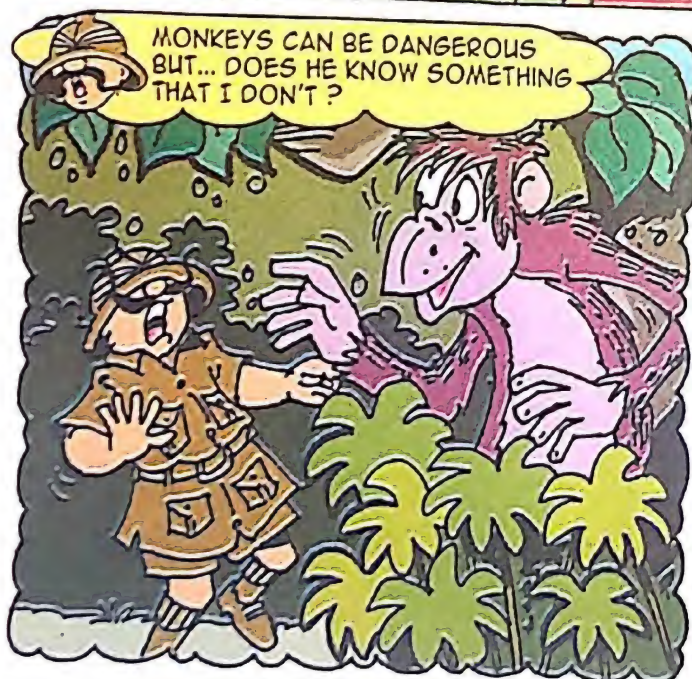
Colourist: Umesh Sarode



SHAMBU WENT IN SEARCH OF HIS WIFE AND FOUND HER WITH HER MOTHER MAKING LADDOOS -

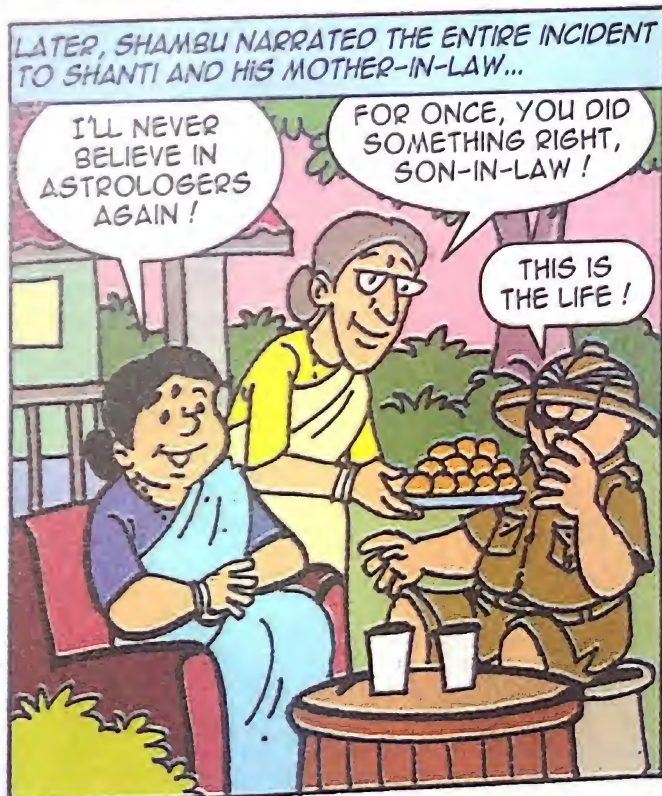








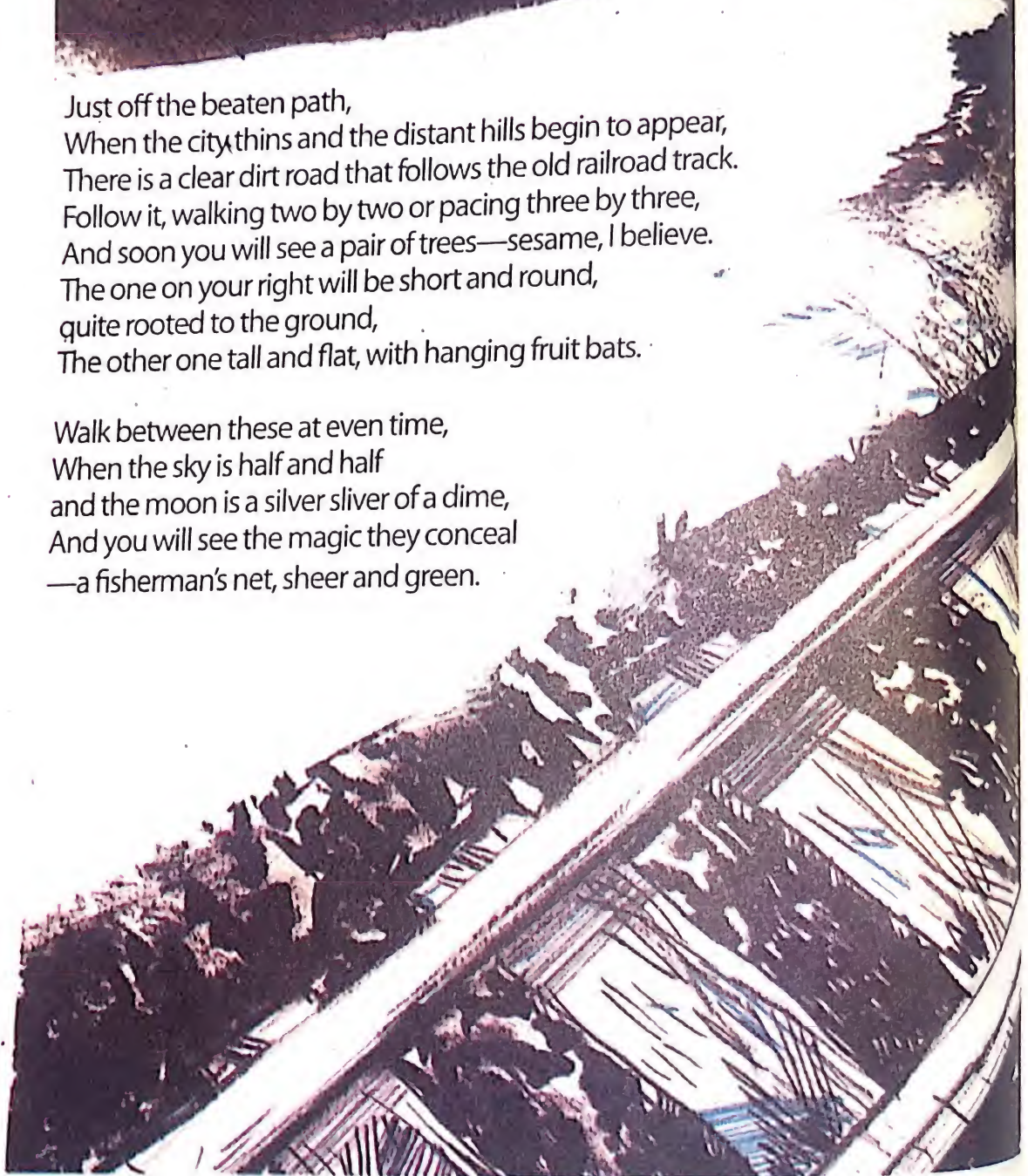






Just off the beaten path,
When the city thins and the distant hills begin to appear,
There is a clear dirt road that follows the old railroad track.
Follow it, walking two by two or pacing three by three,
And soon you will see a pair of trees—sesame, I believe.
The one on your right will be short and round,
quite rooted to the ground,
The other one tall and flat, with hanging fruit bats.

Walk between these at even time,
When the sky is half and half
and the moon is a silver sliver of a dime,
And you will see the magic they conceal
—a fisherman's net, sheer and green.

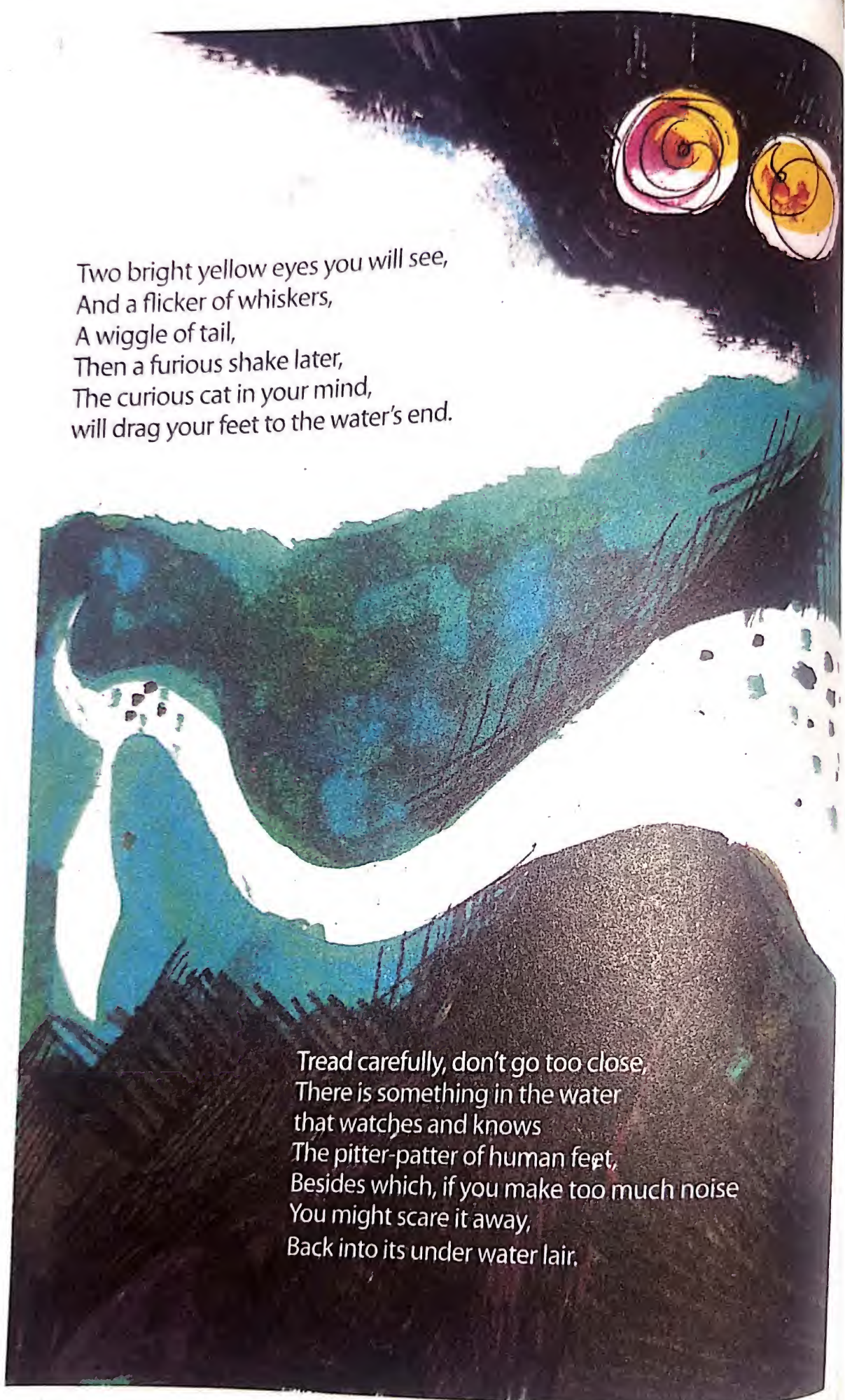


Fear not. Good children are never caught.
Instead, you will break into a shimmer of golden dust, only to appear
(With one strong thrust) as magically whole as the science you trust.
Now you must feel a tingle, it's essential,
or at least a feeling in your bones,
Like everything's better than right,
At which point you must look left,
And beyond,
Where undoubtedly, you will see the enchanted purple pond.



'TRESPASSERS WILL DISAPPEAR', you will read on a board,
And probably think, 'Is this an adventure I can really afford?'
You mind will reason, your heart will pound,
Your nerves, so excited,
Will want to make you leap and bound.
But just then, you will hear a sound.

SWISSSSHHH



Two bright yellow eyes you will see,
And a flicker of whiskers,
A wiggle of tail,
Then a furious shake later,
The curious cat in your mind,
will drag your feet to the water's end.

Tread carefully, don't go too close,
There is something in the water
that watches and knows
The pitter-patter of human feet,
Besides which, if you make too much noise
You might scare it away,
Back into its under water lair.




How the creature got there, nobody knows.
They say she was a girl once, pretty and bold,
With long magic hair, and a straight nose.
She loved to dance to flute tunes and prance
And half escape her mother's glance,
Often leading to trouble.



Then one day,
she went too far.

Come sun down, her mother worried,
Then fretted, and regretted
That she had let her leave at all.
Perhaps she had spoiled her too much,
But even such thoughts
Did not change the fact or the feeling,
That her daughter was lost.

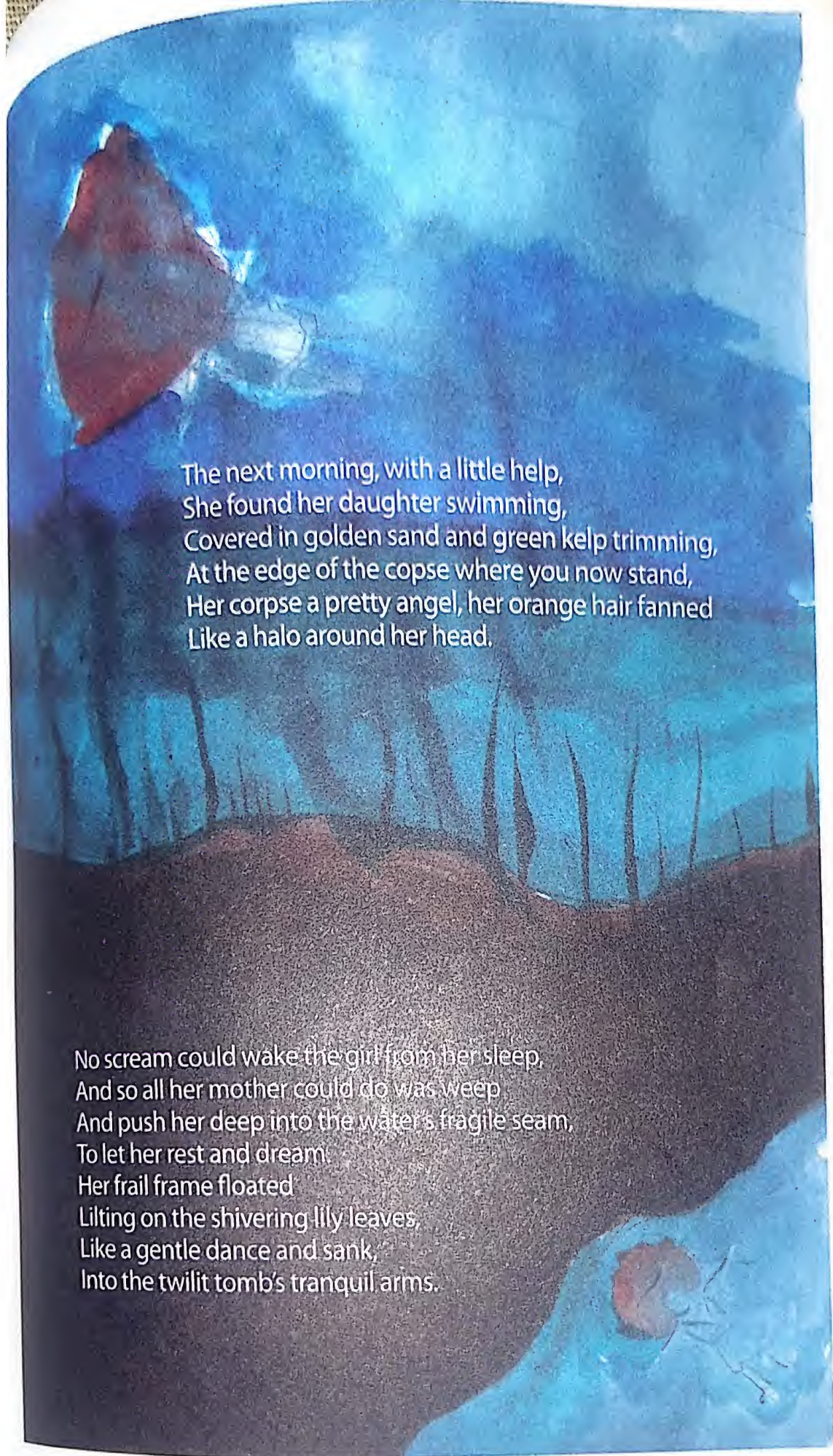




So she lit a torch from her earthen fire,
Hurried to the village square to enquire,
And pleaded to the world about her dire situation,
She needed to find her daughter,
The one that smiled, and pranced and danced,
Was now lost.
Perhaps in the woods or by the wishing well,
Now it was too dark and there was no way to tell.



But none came.
Not the girl's enemies,
Nor her admirers, of which were few,
Would come to the girl's rescue
Once they knew of her sorry fate.



The next morning, with a little help,
She found her daughter swimming,
Covered in golden sand and green kelp trimming,
At the edge of the copse where you now stand,
Her corpse a pretty angel, her orange hair fanned
Like a halo around her head.

No scream could wake the girl from her sleep,
And so all her mother could do was weep
And push her deep into the water's fragile seam,
To let her rest and dream.
Her frail frame floated
Lilting on the shivering lily leaves,
Like a gentle dance and sank,
Into the twilit tomb's tranquil arms.

Many a day passed and not a sound was heard,
 Nothing stirred –
 Not the trees, nor the wind or bird.
 And so the rumours quickly spread
 The pond was enchanted, evil and fed
 On all things pretty and bold.
 With time, rumour turned to cautionary rhyme,
 Then story, then legend, then silly pantomime,
 Sung by tired mothers, said
 To put restless children to bed.



A few years thence
 A young lad minding his flock,
 A little late on the clock,
 Saw an unusual sight.
 He could swear he had seen an orange light,
 Right in the centre of the pond,
 Right there! Where you see the patch of water that is bare
 Of kelp and weeds and leaves?
 Two saucers for eyes and a long sharp tongue
 Had flashed out of the water and
 Stung an unaware pair of bees.



These are all stories of course.
But if somehow you tarry a little,
if your legs are steady and nerves are brittle,
perhaps you will see her there,
the river run, water girl, with the orange hair.

Dame ★ DOHERTY'S ★ DAZZLING ★ DOLLS

My travels around the world have taken me to many an exotic land, but there is none like Japan. Nippon-ko-ku, as the country is known to its people, is a strange amalgam of traditional culture and a futuristic outlook. Where else could you wear a Victorian ball gown in a bullet train, and not get stared at? As you may all know, Japanese comics and animation, called Manga and Anime, have become immensely popular all around the world, spawning tonnes of toys and action figures. And those are the kind of dolls that most people associate with Japan these days. But long before modern Manga and Anime was popularized, several other forms of doll-making were prevalent and continue to be part of Japan's culture today. One of these forms is called Kokeshi. Kokeshi Dolls were first made in the early 1800s by woodworkers in Tohoku province in northern Japan, who began using their knowledge of wood carving and lathes to make toys to sell to tourists and children.



However, the dolls soon gained a spiritual significance. Parents would buy them for the protection of their children, as they were said to avert dangers—more specifically, fires. To date, certain types of Kokeshi dolls are made from the bark of the Mizuki tree, which translates to 'water tree', which may be why the dolls were thought to prevent fires. A traditional Kokeshi doll typically has no arms or legs. Instead, it has a slender pole for a body, and a round head on top (see photograph on previous page). Some types of Kokeshi dolls are made with movable heads which make



a squeaky sound resembling a crying child, when turned to one side. Now that is just spooky, wouldn't you say? One has to scour through several flea markets or antique shops to find these, and they're the ones I am really after. Modern or 'creative' Kokeshi dolls are more shapely and elaborately painted (see above), and made in more than 300 styles. A lot of time, skill and good quality material are used in making these dolls, and they may cost anything from 1000 to 70,000 Yen. They are no fun to hunt, though—all you have to do is pop into a souvenir shop!



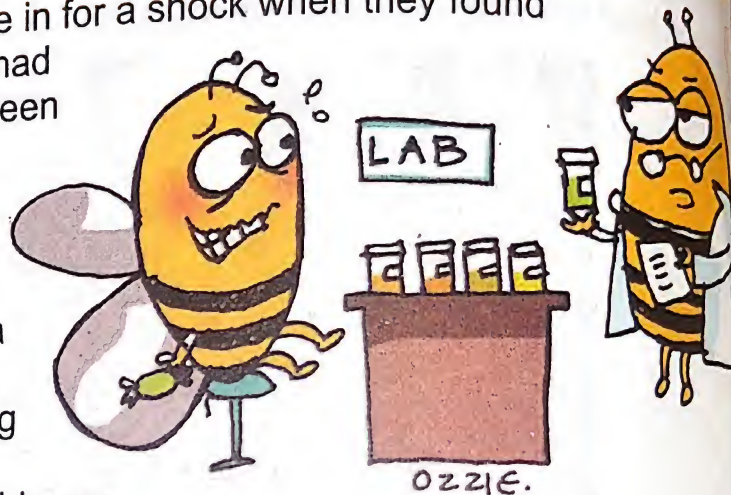


DIGEST TIMES

Text: Shriya Ghate Illustrations: Priya Panicker Layout: Pranay Bendre

Candy-eating bees make multi-coloured honey Ribeauville, France

Beekeepers in France were in for a shock when they found that the bees in their farm had produced honey in blue, green and brown instead of the regular yellow. What were thought to be unidentified colouring agents, were tracked to a bio-gas plant a few miles north of their town, which was processing waste for a confectionery plant, producing a very well-known candy—chocolate covered in a hard sugar shells that come in brown, red, green and blue colours. The produce is now unsellable as it does not meet the quality standards for honey in France.



Jai Sri Ram and Osama bin Laden apply for a teaching position Uttar Pradesh, India

The primary school education offices in Uttar Pradesh received several fake applications from candidates with made-up names and credentials earlier last month. One of the more entertaining applicants called himself Osama Bin Laden, and stated his father's name to be Bill Clinton!

Another ambitiously named himself Jai Sri Ram. One candidate for an English teacher's job simply put himself down as 'Abcdefgh' while entering his father's name as 'Xyz', probably hoping that his knowledge of the alphabet would get him the job! A total of 70 lakh applications were received for the 72,825 primary school teacher jobs offered. Of those, only 20 are said to be genuine. Aren't we glad that all our teachers are authentic!



GURGLINGS OF OOPS



Oops is a gurgle. He is most certainly not a pumpkin. Gurgles are a species which has evolved from pumpkins and they live on a planet called Uneath, millions of years in our future. Beings in the future can travel through time and Oops has two very good friends in our world and our time—Chuck and Kia.

Since Oops lives millions of years in the future and is really advanced technologically, he has agreed to teach some science to human beings. When he was learning science and math as a young gurglet, they were certainly not his favourite subjects. He used to say, "Omegawd, mehair iscur lingand menose istwi ching," which is gruglese for "Physics is very difficult, math is even more difficult." But now that he has become a space and time traveller, he has decided to make science easier for kids.

Planet Uneath is in our galaxy, which is called the Milky Way. Our galaxy has around 200 to 400 billion stars. Some of them are bigger than our Sun and some are smaller. The distances between stars and the size of galaxies are not usually measured in kilometers. They are measured in light years. A light year is the distance travelled by light in one year's time. Light travels about 300,000 kilometers in one second and about 9,500,000,000,000 kilometers in one year.





PROXIMA CENTAURI

possible from Earth, because they did not want anything to do with the planet where their ancestors, the pumpkins, were made into Juice. Gurgles still respect humans. When they see a human being, they say, "Ohwat anidiyet fro mearth." This gurglese phrase translated to English means "That is a human being. He is from the cradle of civilization, Earth. He must be respected." Our Galaxy looks like an oval spiral: The distance from the tip of one arm to the tip of the other is about 100,000 light years. That means even light would take 100,000 years to travel from one end to the other. And theoretically, nothing can travel faster than light.



So is it possible to travel to far away stars? Theoretically, yes. One can do this through wormholes in space. It is somewhat similar to an ant travelling from one side of a water melon to the other side of a water melon (in honour of his ancestors, Oops would never give an example with a pumpkin).

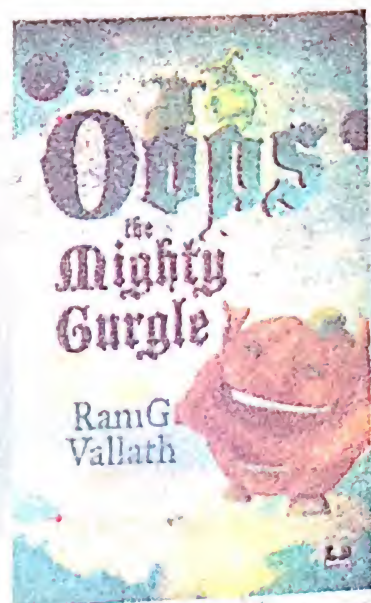


The ant would take a long time to walk across the surface of the melon. Now, if there was a wormhole that went through the centre of the melon from one side to the other, the ant would be able to get to the other side much faster, even though the ant

wouldn't walk any faster. Similarly, one can get from one star to another through a 'wormhole' in space without having to go faster than light. In our time, the technology to do this has not been invented. Of course, in Oops's era, millions of years in the future, they can space travel, time travel and even combine them both. The only problem is that they have to stand on their heads when they do these 'Jumps', because the blood circulation to the brain should be very high during the procedure.

Humanity is on the verge of being destroyed by vicious green pig-like creatures from outer space. They hate human beings for playing 'Angry Birds'. Only *Oops the Mighty Gurgle*, a time and space traveller from planet Uneath can save humanity—or can he?
Available in stores now for ₹199 from Duckbill Books!

RamG Vallath was amazed to be born in a world with no spaceships. He tried to correct the situation by doing his BTech at IIT Chennai, but failed to invent interstellar drive. Now he writes funny books for children. He finds the universe amazing, mysterious, wacky and full of fun.



The Adventures of Lupina the Wise

Chapter 2: The Boy Who Befriended the Wolf

Story & Script
Ravi Sinha

Pencils and Inks
Durgesh Velhal

Colours
Akshay Khadilkar

Letters
Pranay Bendre

THIS ISN'T A TALE ABOUT A WOLF THAT WOULD NEED TO BE FEARED.



THIS IS A TALE ABOUT LUPINA, A WISE, BRAVE AND COMPASSIONATE CREATURE.



WHO, AFTER A TRIAL TO DECIDE THE NEXT LEADER OF HER PACK, DECIDED TO STRIKE OUT ON HER OWN AND DISCOVER THE WORLD.



THIS IS HER STORY, AND THESE ARE HER ADVENTURES AS SHE DISCOVERS WHAT MAKES THE WORLD AROUND HER TURN.

















NOW, IS THAT
ANY WAY TO SAY
'HELLO'?

UM, YOU
CAN TALK!

SO I'VE
BEEN TOLD.



THEY TOLD
ME THAT I
SHOULDN'T
CRY WOLF
SO MUCH.
BECAUSE
WHEN A
WOLF DOES
SHOW UP,
THEY
WOULDN'T
BELIEVE ME.
AND I'D BE
A GONER.

THEY'RE AN
ODD BUNCH,
FOR SURE.



AFTER ALL, WHO
EVER SAID WOLVES
RE MEANT TO BE
DANGEROUS?



LATER...

SO HOW COME YOU
KEEP SHOUTING ALL THOSE
FALSE ALARMS?

I DON'T KNOW.
I GUESS I JUST
WANT PEOPLE
TO NOTICE ME.

THAT'S FUNNY.
BACK IN MY PACK,
ONE WAS ALWAYS
BEING NOTICED,
WHETHER YOU
KNEW IT OR
NOT. IT WAS
UNCOMFORTABLE
AT TIMES.

I THINK,
MAYBE YOU JUST
NEED A FRIEND.

I DON'T KNOW. SOME
OF THE PEOPLE HERE
ARE KIND OF WEIRD.

AND THEY FIND YOU
WEIRD. I'D SAY IT'S
A GOOD MIX.





alicia
SOUZA'S

HUMAN BODY facts

1 YOU CAN'T TICKLE YOURSELF!

2 ONLY HUMANS SHED
EMOTIONAL TEARS. OTHER
ANIMALS PRODUCE TEARS FOR
PHYSIOLOGICAL REASONS.



3 YOUR TONGUE IS THE STRONGEST
MUSCLE IN YOUR BODY!

4 YOUR TEETH ARE GROWING
ABOUT SIX MONTHS BEFORE YOU
ARE BORN, BUT IT TAKES SEVERAL
MONTHS AFTER BIRTH TO SEE THEM.



5 HIGHER IQ = MORE DREAMS

6 80% OF YOUR BRAIN IS WATER.



WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/THE.aliciasouza

FOLLOW ME





MOS QUEETO

A MUZZLE OF BLOOD

PART II

Story & Script
Shriya Ghatge

Art
Somnath Pai

Letters
Pranay Bendre



Previously in Mos Queeto—A Muzzle of Blood

Gerardo the Toad gets the living daylights scared out'a him when he meets young Jack, the first mosquito he has seen since Mos Queeto and Miss Quita tumbled down a canyon while fighting a fierce bat, Porfiro-the blade-Rojo. Jack, who reveals himself to be the son of Mos Queeto, is curious about the whereabouts of his parents, who he believes are alive. The only person with answers is Gerardo, but he isn't telling the whole truth...



THAT YOUNG MAN, WOULD
BE YOUR MAMMA, MISS
QUITA. WE WERE THE BEST
OF FRIENDS, US THREE.

HOW COME
YOUR BROTHER
HERE AIN'T
AROUND?



'CAUSE THAT'D
BE MY MISSUS.



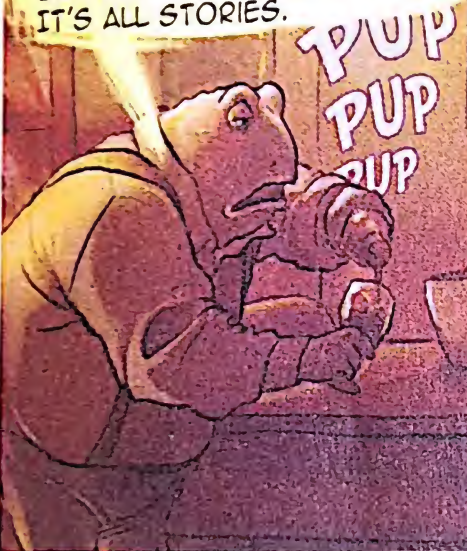
YOUR PAPA WAS A PROPER
EL NIÑO* IN HIS YOUNG
DAYS. BUT SHE WAS A LA
NIÑA* TO MATCH HIM. LIKE
TWO FORCES FLYIN' IN TO
EACH OTHER AND TAKING
THE TOWN WITH 'EM.



*EL NIÑO- MEANING 'THE BOY' IN SPANISH, REFERS TO WARM WEATHER PATTERNS IN THE
PACIFIC OCEAN, THAT MAY CAUSE TORNADOES AND THUNDERSTORMS
*LA NIÑA- MEANING 'THE GIRL' IN SPANISH, IS A COLD WEATHER PERIOD OVER THE PACIFIC
OCEAN, CAUSING DROUGHTS AND LOWER TEMPERATURES



THEY SAY MOS QUITO SOLD OUT TO THE BIG MCGEE. MADE SOME KINDA DEAL. BUT NEVER YOU MIND, SON. IT'S ALL STORIES.



THAT'D BE MY MISSUS.

DID YOU HEAR THAT? WHAT IS THAT?

HOWL



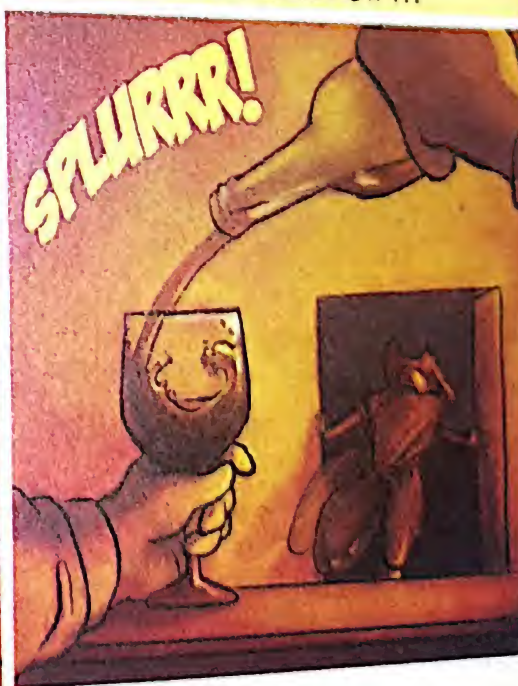
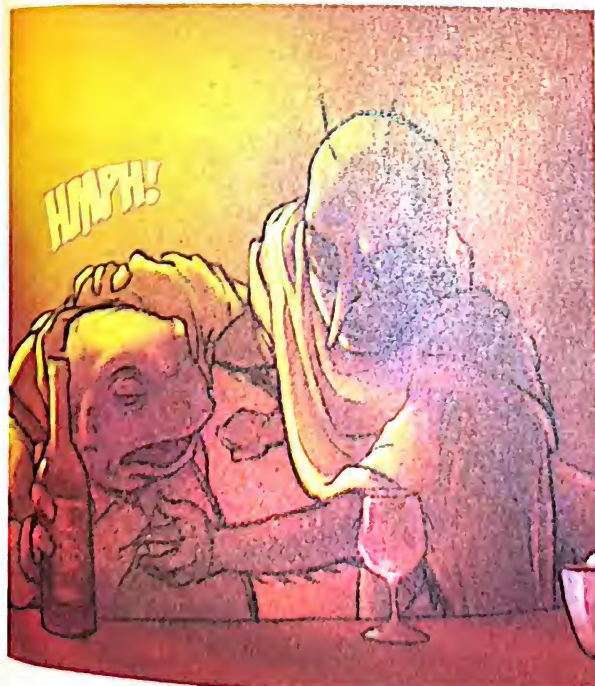
WHAT'S GOIN' ON WITH HER?

SHE USED TO BE A WORKER UP AT THE BIG MCGEE FACTORY, AND THEN ONE DAY SHE COME HOME SAYIN' THEY'LL PAY HER EXTRA MONEY TO HELP WITH SOME SPECIAL PROJECT IN THE AFTER-HOURS. A WEEK LATER SHE GET SICK AND HADN'T RECOVERED SINCE. THEY PAY HER ALRIGHT, BUT SHE DON'T GO TO WORK NO MORE. THE DOCTORS SAY SHE NEED MALARIA MEDICINE, BUT THE ONLY ONE THAT MAKE 'EM IS THE BIG MCGEE, AND THEY AIN'T CHEAP. NOT AT ALL.

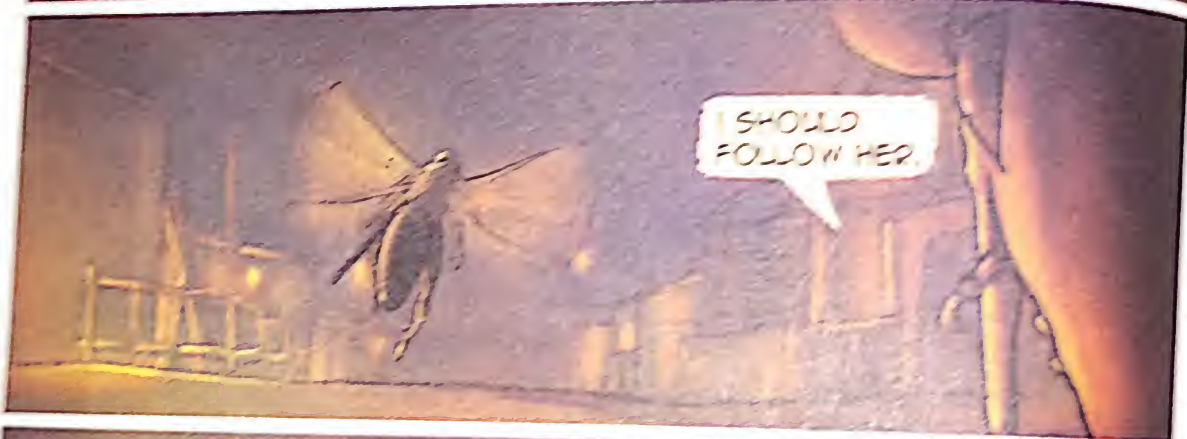
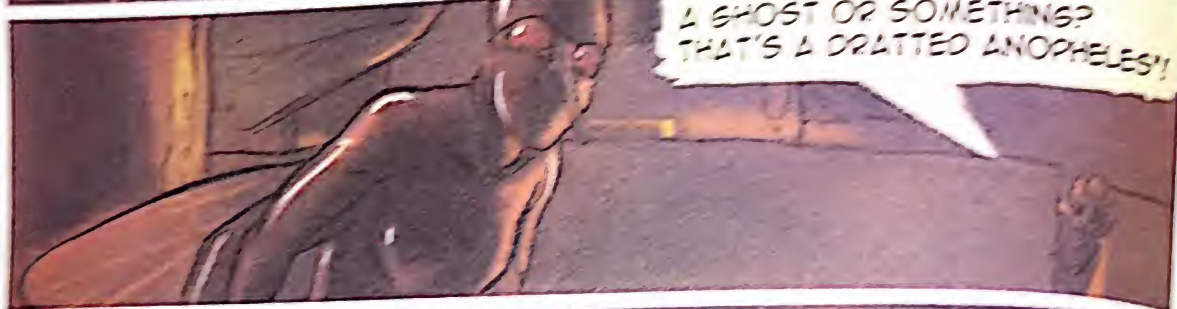




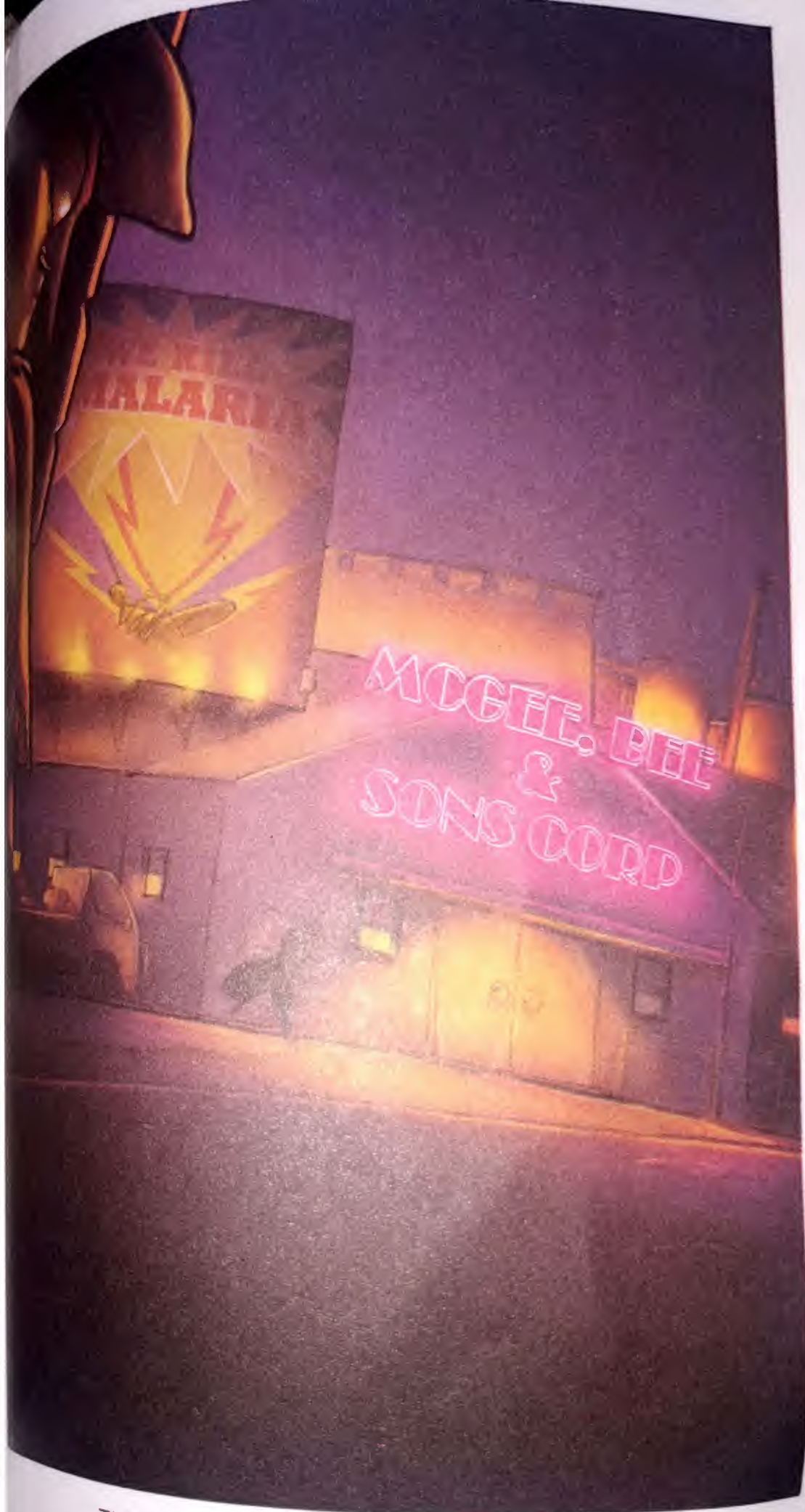
THE POOR LADY TOAD CONTINUED HER INSUFFERABLE WAILING, AND JACK WORRIED FOR GERARDO WHO WAS ALREADY ON HIS FOURTH DRINK OF DIRTY WATER. BUT HE SOON REALIZED THAT THIS WAS GERARDO'S DAILY ROUTINE. HE IMAGINED GERARDO SITTING BY HIMSELF DAY AFTER DAY, REMINDING HIMSELF OF THE GOOD OL' TIMES WITH MOS QUEETO AND MISS QUITA, WHILE HIS ILL WIFE PROVIDED AN AGONIZING BACKGROUND SCORE, RENDERING THE STORIES MORE AS CAUTIONARY TALES RATHER THAN VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGNS. THE THOUGHT MADE JACK'S EARS SWELL AND HIS HEAD SWIM. SO AS SOON AS GERARDO WAS SLUMPED ON THE DINNER TABLE, HE MADE A RUN FOR IT.



JACK WALKED INTO THE STILL, CLAMMY
SUMMER NIGHT ONLY TO DISCOVER...



*ANOPHELES ARE A TYPE OF MOSQUITO
THAT TRANSMIT MALARIAL PARASITES





NOW THERE'S SOME YOU DON'T
SEE EVERY DAY. A MALARIAL
MOSQUITO WALKING INTO A
MALARIA MEDICINE FACTORY

AIN'T NOBODY BECAME
A HERO IF THEY DONE
NUTHIN' STUPID.



I GUESS I'D BETTER
GO FOR IT THEN.



GASP! THERE'S ENOUGH MALARIA
HERE FOR AN ENTIRE TOWN... AN ENTIRE
HUMAN TOWN. SO WHAT CHANCE'VE
WE GOT?

OUR PROFITS HAVE TRIPLED
IN THE LAST QUARTER, AND I
MUST SAY IT'S ALL THANKS TO
YOU LADIES. KEEP IT UP, AND
SOON WE'LL BE THE RICHEST
PHARMACEUTICAL IN THE
COUNTRY! THEY WILL ALL BE
DYING FOR MALARIA MEDICINE
AND WE'LL BE THEIR SAVIORS.

JUST SO LONG
AS YOU KEEP YOUR
PROMISE, MCGEE.

OF COURSE, DEAREST. TAKE OUT
THAT CRACKED GERARDO LIKE WE
AGREED, AND THE TOWN IS
YOURS.

AFTER THAT, YOU'LL NEVER
HAVE TO STRUGGLE FOR
FOOD... EVER AGAIN!

TO BE CONTINUED...

EGG Fun'damentals

Story
Rajiv Tambe

Script
Shriya Ghate

Pencils & Inks
Vineet Nair

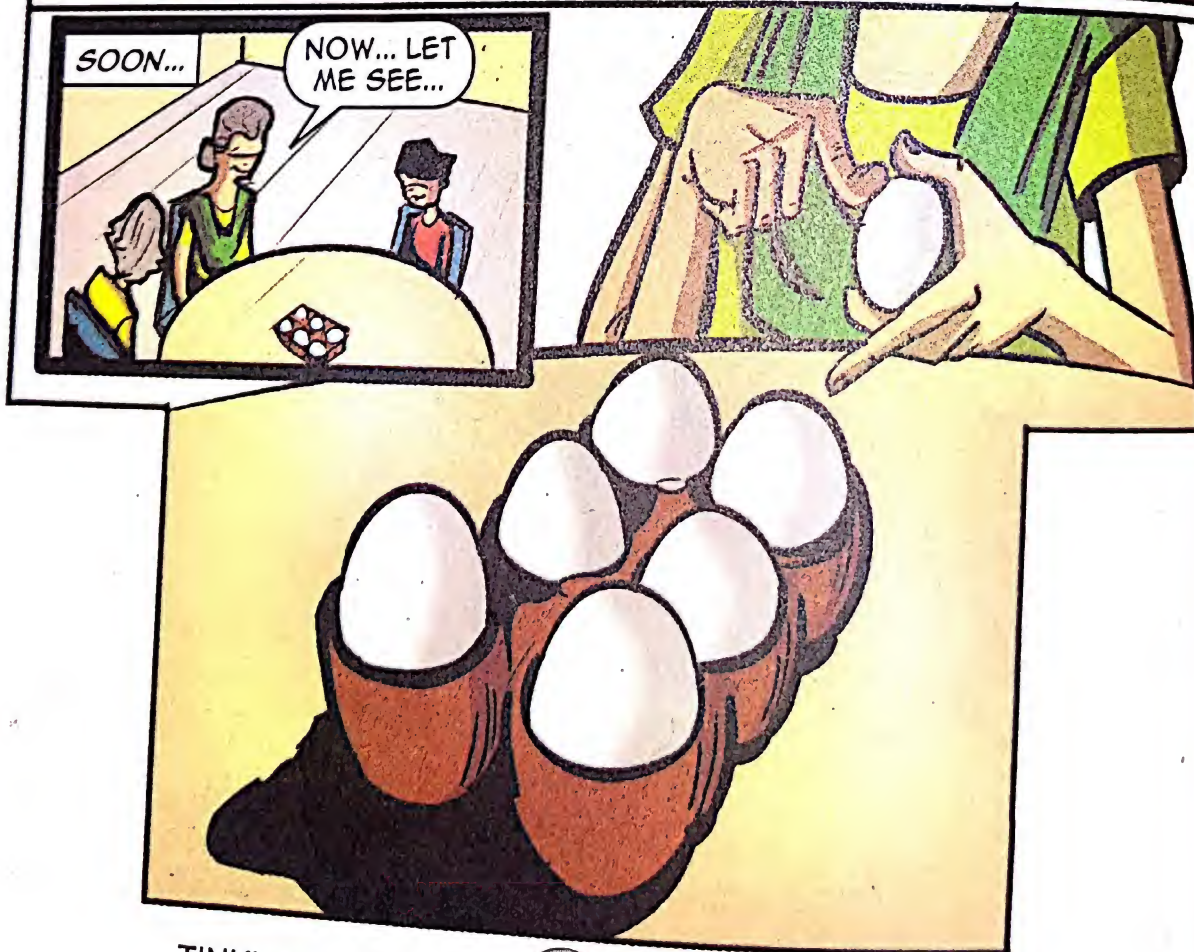
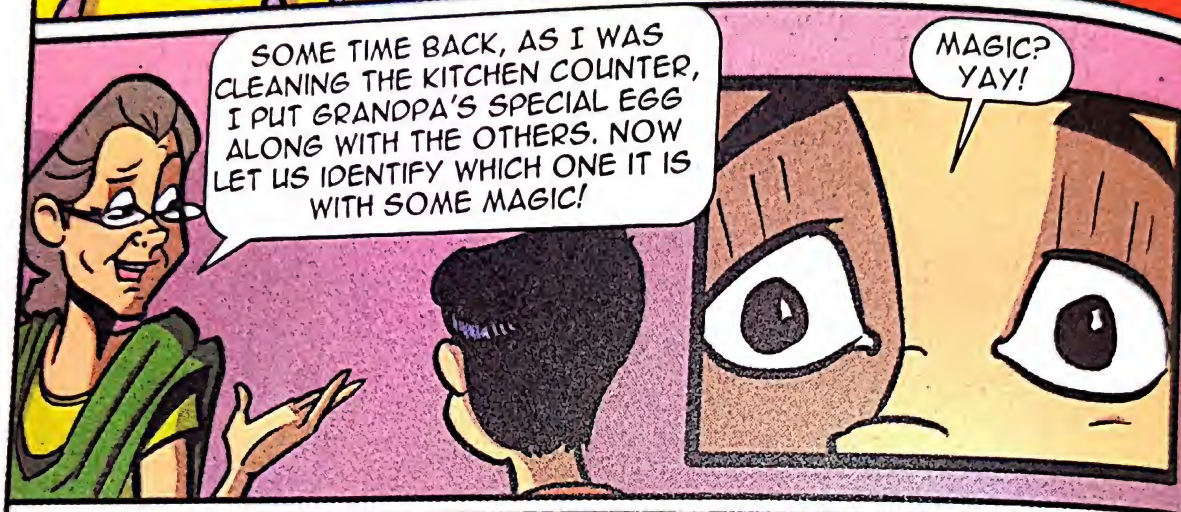
Colours
Umesh Sarode

Letters
Prasad Sawant

IN MIHIR'S HOUSE, SUNDAY MORNING MEANT A HOT OMELETTE WITH CRISP TOAST AND BRIGHT RED KETCHUP.

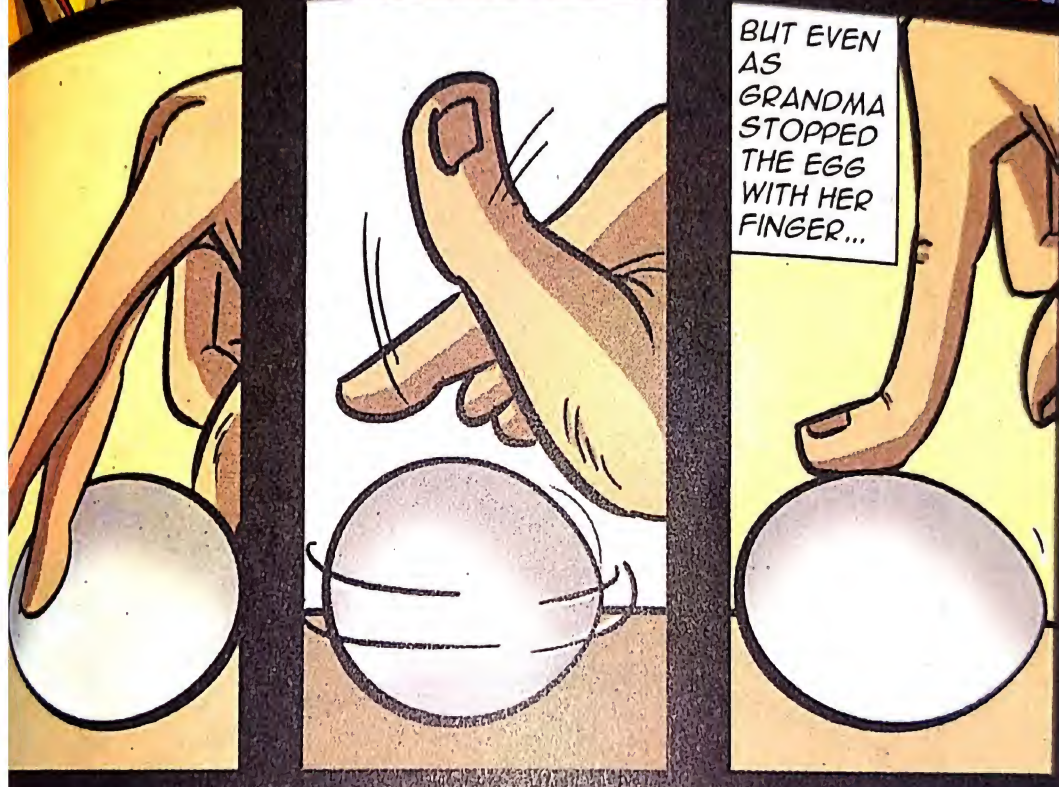




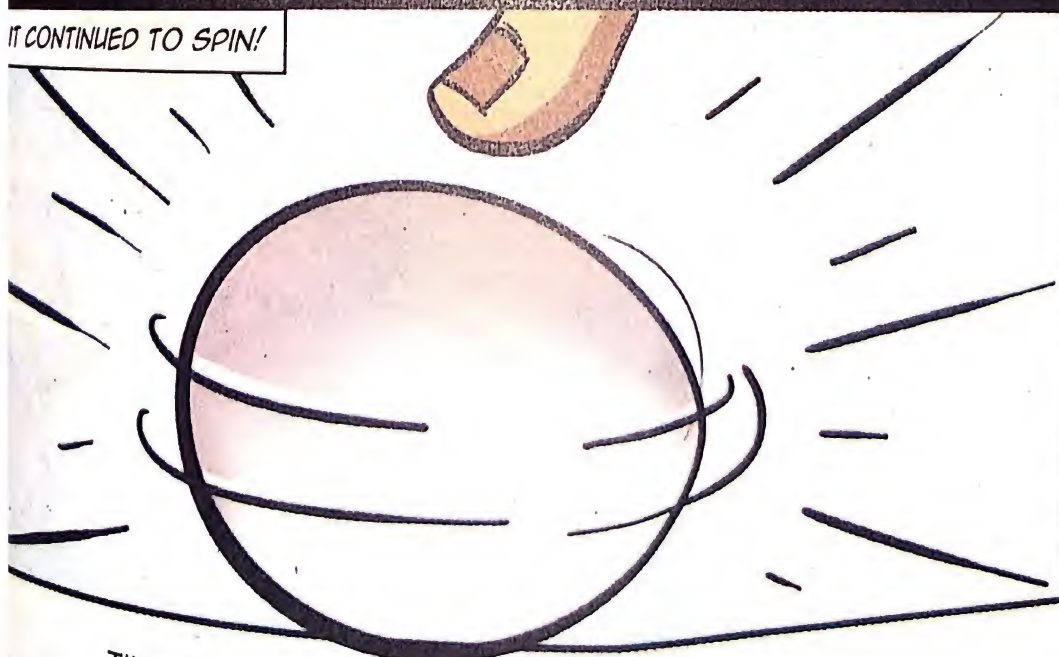




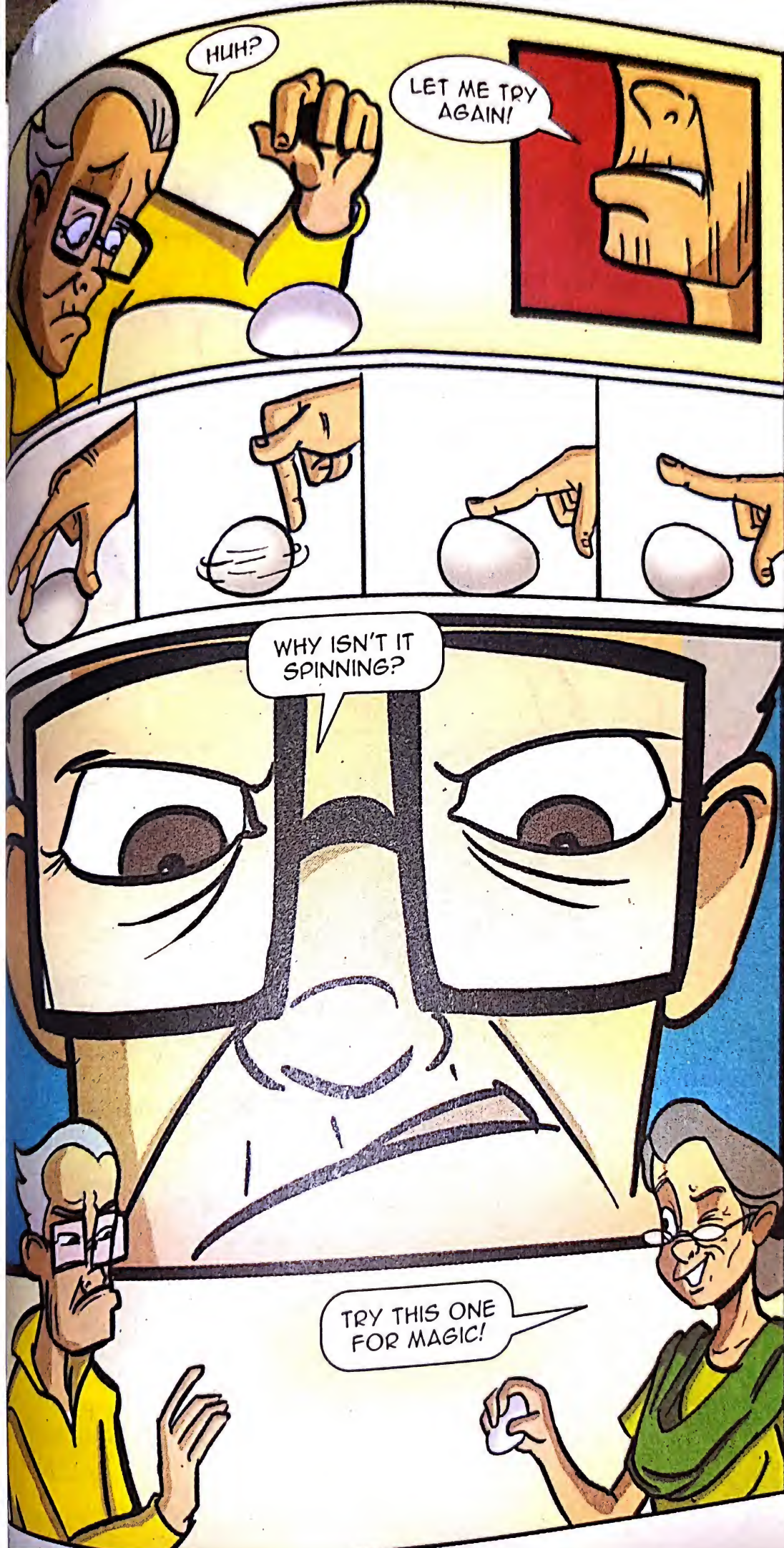
BUT EVEN AS GRANDMA STOPPED THE EGG WITH HER FINGER...



IT CONTINUED TO SPIN!







GRANDPA REPEATED THE SAME STEPS.

WHAT A MIRACLE!

THE EGG IS SPINNING!

THE DANCING EGG IS OURS. AND THE INACTIVE EGG IS GRANDPA'S!

I GET IT! THE INACTIVE EGG IS GRANDPA'S **BOILED** EGG AND THE REST ARE UNCOOKED!

IF THE EGG IS RAW OR UNCOOKED AND WE SPIN IT, THEN THE **SEMI-SOLID** STICKY YOLK WITHIN IT, ALSO ATTAINS **SPEED**. WHEN WE STOP THE EGG WITH OUR FINGERS, THE YOLK INSIDE DOES NOT LOSE ITS **MOTION** COMPLETELY. SO EVEN AFTER WE REMOVE OUR FINGER, THIS MOVING YOLK MAKES THE EGG SPIN. A BOILED EGG IS **SOLID**, SO WHEN WE STOP IT WITH OUR FINGER, IT STOPS COMPLETELY.

I LIKE THIS EGG FUNDA! GRANDMA, MAY I HAVE AN OMELET MADE OF THIS ROTATING EGG?

HABA. OF COURSE YOU CAN!

YOU CAN ALSO TRY THIS EGG FUN'DAMENTAL AT HOME!

SUPPANDI CORNER SEATS

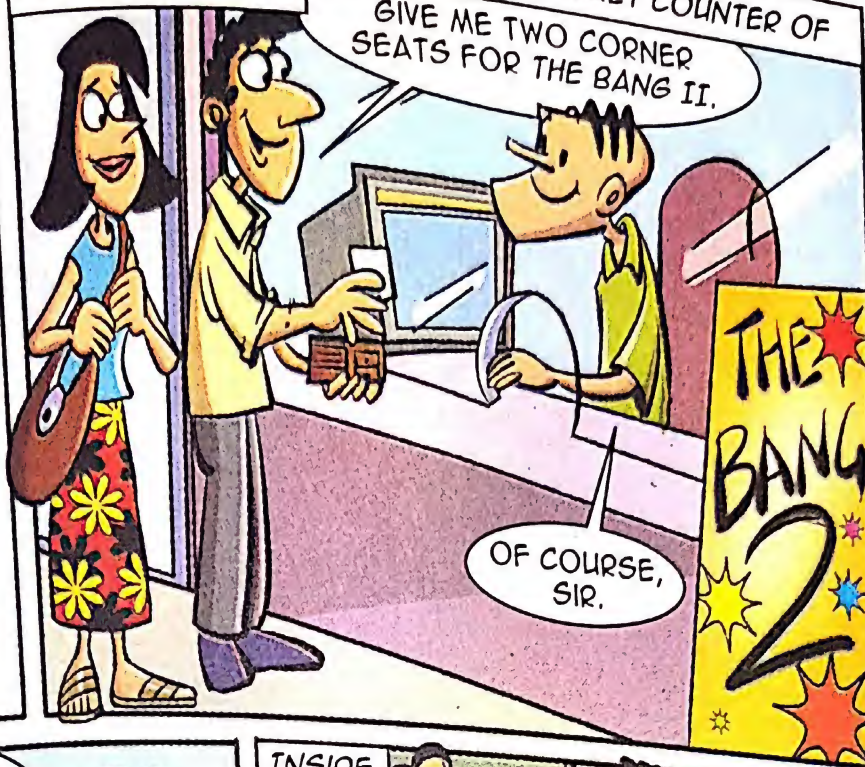
Writer
Anisha H. Karthick

Pencils & Inks
Archana Amberkar

Colours
Umesh Sarode

Letters
Pranay Bendre

SUPPANDI'S NEW JOB WAS AT THE TICKET COUNTER OF A MOVIE THEATRE.





GREEN HUMOUR

by Rohan Chakravarty



-Rohan

Earth Day is celebrated worldwide on 22 April, to raise awareness of nature and conservation by conducting various green events. What are your plans for Earth Day this year?